

The Sketch



C. HENTSCHEL '99

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WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1901.

SIXPENCE.



"THE FAIREST QUEEN THAT EVER KING RECEIVED."

HER MAJESTY QUEEN ALEXANDRA CELEBRATES HER BIRTHDAY ON SUNDAY NEXT.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. AND D. DOWNEY, EBURY STREET, S.W.

THE CLUBMAN.

The Court of Claims—Buckingham Palace—The Kaiser on Naval Construction—Lord Hood of Avalon.

DURING these quiet autumn days, when the period of official mourning is drawing towards its close, the personnel of the Court which will have so many splendid duties to perform next year is being gradually completed, and the Board of Claims will in a few weeks adjudicate on the disputes as to offices to be held at the Coronation ceremonies, and will, by the King's command, confirm the undisputed pretensions to such offices as are not obsolete. Most of the disputes as to offices have no interest for Clubland or the greater public, but there is a point of picturesqueness as well as of State in the claim of the Barons of the Cinque Ports to carry a canopy of gold cloth over the Sovereign. The claim to hold the office of Grand Lardener set forward by Lord Abergavenny has put into many mouths the question, "What is a lardener?" It seems probable that the office of King's Champion will be abolished. No one knows quite what would happen if the glove were picked up and the challenge accepted. The one thing that is certain is that the challenger would not meet the challengee in ordeal by combat, and the issue of a challenge under these circumstances might well lead to a situation which would have appealed keenly to Mr. W. S. Gilbert in his "Bab Ballad" days.

Buckingham Palace will soon see the last of the multitude of builders and decorators who have been at work on the apartments which the King will occupy; but palaces are just as subject as ordinary houses to the inconveniences caused by new plaster, and, when the move is made by the Royal Household from Marlborough House to the great Palladian pile at the end of the Mall, their Majesties will not at first occupy the renovated suites. I am told that most of the particulars set abroad as to the detail of the Coronation ceremonies is only guesswork. The King has not, as yet, given his commands to the Earl-Marshall, and the dressmakers and people who are anxious to know whether their houses are on the route that will be selected for the procession, or processions, must possess their souls for a time in patience.

The Kaiser and Lord Rosebery are rivals amongst the great men of the day in the pleasant art of making interesting speeches on the most various subjects. No doubt, Lord Rosebery, if he would, could discuss the building of men-of-war with the butterfly eloquence, backed by a reserve of solid knowledge, not obtruded, but carrying weight, which makes his speeches such excellent literature; but, at present, he has not turned his eloquence in this direction. The Kaiser is earnest in all matters that he sets his hand to, and the creation of a strong German Navy and of a Colonial Empire are the works above all others that he hopes to bring to completion during his reign. He spoke to the Congress of Naval Engineers as an enthusiast and as an expert. The appointment of a naval officer to be Chief Constructor to the German Admiralty shows how far the officers of the Kaiser have progressed in naval science. The birth of the modern German Navy is well within the memory of the older men of this generation, and the Colonels transformed into sailors whom many of us met in the period following the Franco-German War were reminiscent of the days of Prince Rupert and other gallant Horse Marines of Stuart times. Now, on the scientific side, the German sailors seem to have gone a step in advance of our brave fellows; but our sailors have never pretended to be ship-designers—they keep their brains for determining the best modes of sailing and fighting the ships.

Lord Hood of Avalon, whose death has been reported, was a splendid type of the old sailor, both when flying his flag on board ship and as First Sea-Lord to the Admiralty. He came of a family of sailors, and by the delightful old grey Priory near Glastonbury, in the very heart of the country of King Arthur—a Priory from which Henry VIII. ejected the Prior and his monks, and which ever since has been in the Hood family—is an oak of immemorial age, on which a flag has always been flown when any great naval victory has been gained, and in the shade of which the country folk were feasted to celebrate it, for there never was a great sea-battle fought that there was not a Hood in it.

I have been in Paris during a portion of the past week, and have had an opportunity of talking to men of various countries—Frenchmen, Austrians, and Germans—as to the sudden outburst of Anglophobia in Germany and France and the flood of lies that has been let loose. The kiosks on the boulevards are a barometer of the subjects that are attracting public attention, and just now there is scarcely any little illustrated sheet, whether it be French or German, that has not on its first page a pictorial insult to England, in one form or another, to our King or our soldiers. Mr. Chamberlain generally figures in these caricatures as the embodiment of His Satanic Majesty, and if to be caricatured is to be honoured, then the Minister for the Colonies has more honour than all the statesmen of Europe conjoined. At all the little theatres, in the tréteaus and cabarets-artistiques, Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Kitchener are held up to ridicule, but, curiously enough, with very little wit. The sensible men of the nations which are suffering from this Chamberlain rash, which breaks out in a twopenny-halfpenny coloured form, shrug their shoulders when they are asked if there is any reason for the outburst of spite. "You have your dull season, and your papers exploit the sea-serpent and gigantic gooseberries," said a Frenchman to me. "Well, we, too, have our dead season, and Monsieur Chamberlain is our sea-serpent and your Generals are our gigantic gooseberries. Besides, Dr. Leyds is travelling in these days."

OUR SAILOR PRINCE'S HOUSEHOLD.

IN some ways the most engaging quality of the Prince of Wales's character is his attachment to his old friends. It is a virtue which Royal personages are sometimes prevented by circumstances from practising, but certainly in his appointments to his new Household the Prince has shown it in a notable degree.

COMPAGNONS DE VOYAGE.

The suite who attended the Prince and Princess of Wales on their recent Colonial tour are largely represented. Altogether, the Household consists of twelve individuals, of whom no fewer than nine went on the tour. Sir Charles Cust, who is appointed First Equerry-in-Ordinary, was a messmate of the Prince's in H.M.S. *Alexandra*, to which His Royal Highness was gazetted as Lieutenant in 1888. It was while serving with Sir Charles Cust in the *Alexandra* that the Prince was summoned, all grimy from his duties of superintending the operation of coaling, to be introduced by Admiral Sir Frederick Bedford, who then commanded the ship, to a Turkish Pasha off Salonica. The Pasha refused to believe that it was Queen Victoria's grandson. Afterwards, when the Prince commissioned H.M.S. *Crescent* in 1898, he took Sir Charles Cust as his First Lieutenant.

GUIDE, PHILOSOPHER, AND FRIEND.

But, of course, a still older friend is Canon Dalton, who is appointed His Royal Highness's Domestic Chaplain. The Rev. John Neale Dalton, a man of singular strength of character, was chosen by the present King to be the tutor and governor of his sons when they were quite little. He was their governor when they served as naval cadets in the *Britannia*; he accompanied them in their cruises, lasting for three years, on board the *Bacchante*, as a memorial of which he edited, with additions of his own, the young Princes' diaries; and, finally, he went with the Prince and Princess all through their recent Colonial tour. In fact, it would be difficult to mention anyone who has been more intimately associated with the Heir-Apparent's life except his own parents. And there is an additional tie, in that Canon Dalton was tutor at Cambridge to the Prince's much-loved brother, the Duke of Clarence.

THE NAVY ADEQUATELY HONOURED.

The sea-service is also well represented in the Household by Commander Godfrey-Faussett, who is appointed Equerry-in-Ordinary, and Captain Wemyss and Major Bor, who are appointed Extra Equeries. Taking the last first, Major Bor's appointment is a compliment to that noble force familiarly known as "His Majesty's Jollies"—"soldier and sailor too," as Kipling sings. It is now nearly thirty years since Major Bor entered the Royal Marine Artillery, and he has certainly maintained the reputation of the force for being able to go anywhere and do anything. He was at one time on special service in Cyprus under the Foreign Office, and then he went to Bombay to stamp out locusts. He came back to Cyprus as Inspector of Prisons; then he put in two years as Turkish Interpreter to the Mediterranean Squadron; and, four years ago, it is no exaggeration to say that he earned the gratitude of Europe by organising the Cretan Gendarmerie at a critical moment in the affairs of that terrible island. For that he received a "C.M.G.," and also a silver medal from the King of Italy for gallantry in suppressing a mutiny of Albanians in Crete. Captain Wemyss is a distant cousin of Lord Wemyss, and he and Commander Godfrey-Faussett attended the Prince on his Colonial tour.

A VALUABLE INHERITANCE.

Another interesting and rather pathetic feature of the list is the presence of two names which immediately recall the memory of Queen Victoria. Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Arthur Bigge was Private Secretary to Her late Majesty for some years, and he now fulfils the same office in the service of her grandson, whom he attended on his recent Colonial tour. Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. Sir William Carington, who becomes the Prince's Comptroller and Treasurer, was for some years an Equerry to Her late Majesty.

THE POPULAR MILITARY ELEMENT.

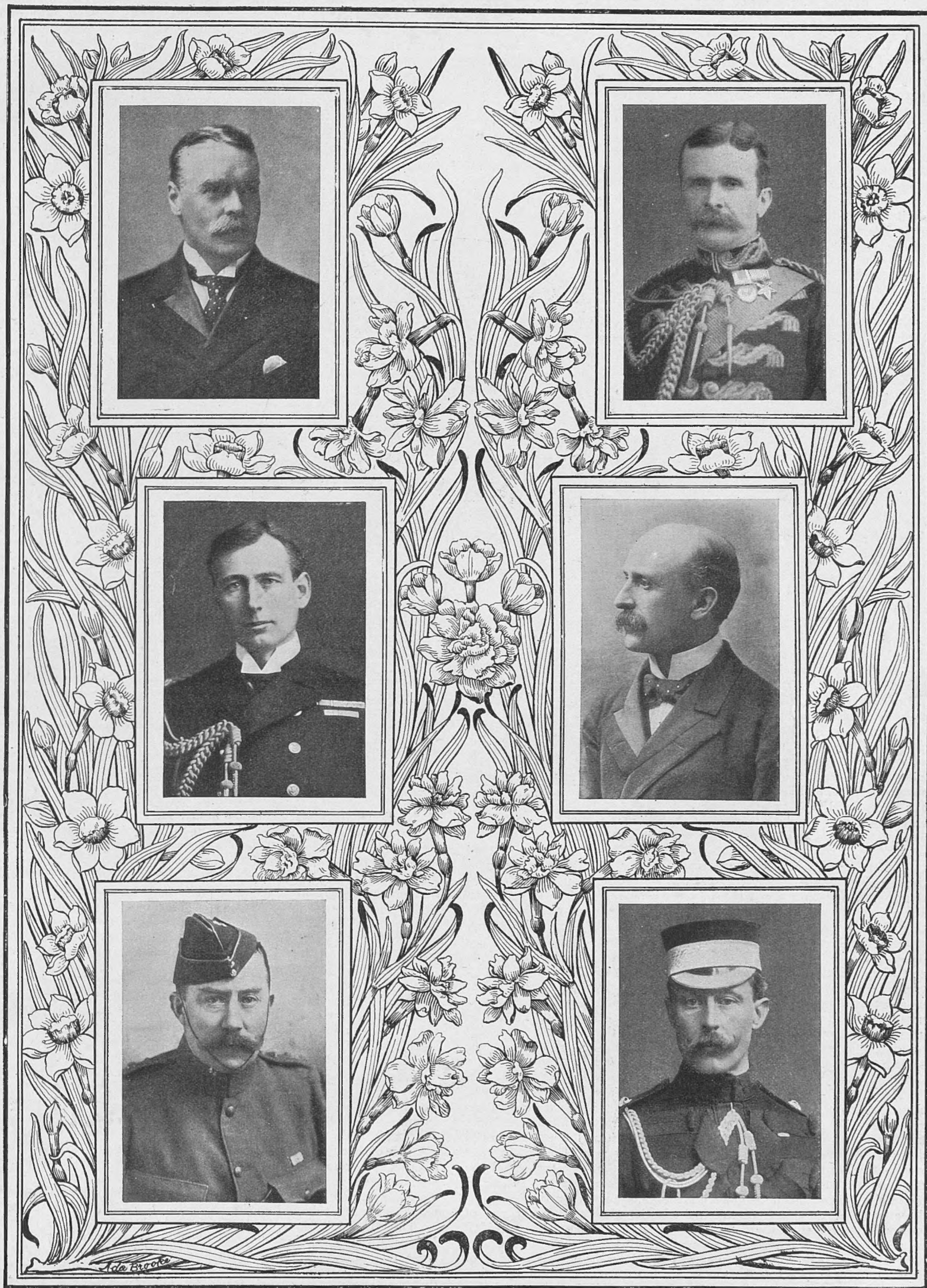
It must not be supposed that the Army is forgotten, for the Prince has appointed among his Equeries-in-Ordinary the Hon. Derek Keppel—who is a noble Volunteer officer and is the son-in-law of the King's great friend, Lord Suffield—and Captain Viscount Crichton, Royal Horse Guards, who is the eldest son of the Earl of Erne. Still more significant, perhaps, is the appointment of Lord Chesham, who did such truly yeoman service as Commander of the Imperial Yeomanry in South Africa, to be a Lord of the Bedchamber. His colleague in this office is to be Lord Wenlock, who was on the Prince's Staff in his recent tour and who made a very successful Governor of Madras some years ago. It is a curious fact that Lord Wenlock's mother, who died only two years ago, was a sister of the late Duke of Westminster, while Lady Chesham is a half-sister of the present Duke. The late Duke of Westminster married, as his second wife, a sister of the present Lord Chesham.

LAST, NOT LEAST.

Last but not least is the appointment of Master of the Stables to His Royal Highness, which will be no sinecure, for the Prince, like most sailors, is exceedingly fond of riding and driving. Captain Fitzwilliam is fifty-three, and was educated at Eton and at Magdalene College, Cambridge. He was formerly in the Royal Horse Guards, and was Aide-de-Camp to Lord Ripon when Viceroy of India. Captain Fitzwilliam is one of the younger sons of the present venerable Earl Fitzwilliam.

Our Photographs are by Messrs. Russell, Baker Street; Downey, Ebury Street; Maull and Fox, Piccadilly; and Dickinson, New Bond Street.

OUR SAILOR PRINCE'S HOUSEHOLD.



LORD WENLOCK, LORD OF THE BEDCHAMBER.
 SIR CHARLES CUST, FIRST EQUERRY-IN-ORDINARY.
 LORD CHESHAM, LORD OF THE BEDCHAMBER.

LIEUT.-COL. SIR W. CARINGTON, COMPTROLLER AND TREASURER.
 LIEUT.-COL. SIR ARTHUR BIGGE, PRIVATE SECRETARY.
 THE HON. DEREK KEPPEL, EQUERRY-IN-ORDINARY.

THE MAN IN THE STREET.

The Man Underground—"Low Fares and Quick Trains"—The Centre-of-the-World Station—Who will Use the Streets?—The Strand Skating-Rink.

AS far as I can see, "The Man in the Street" will be an extinct monster before many years have passed, and I shall have to accommodate myself to being a subterranean animal or underground man. When I went out into the Strand the other morning, the first thing that attracted my notice was a placard swinging from a lamp-post. I stopped to look at it, and saw that it was a notice that the Central London Railway intends to apply to Parliament for further powers next Session, and that "tubes" are to be burrowed under all parts of London. I was much amused at the notice dangling from the lamp-post, and it was a splendid method of attracting public attention to the proposed extensions. But the Central London Railway is not the only one. I hear that half-a-dozen Companies are in course of formation, all having as their aim and object the quicker conveyance of "The Man in the Street" from one point to another of the biggest city in the world. I need hardly say, gentlemen, that I am infinitely touched by this solicitude on your part for my welfare, and all I can say is "Go ahead, and may low fares and quick trains be your motto!"

Before long, Piccadilly Circus promises to be a great centre of traffic. I hear of electric lines to Hammersmith, and thence to Putney, and perhaps Richmond, and of lines going North and South, to bring all the outlying parts of London within easy range of the centre. This is excellent, and in some of these tubes it is proposed to make paths for foot-passengers, so that "The Man Under the Street" will be able to hurry along afoot unspashed and secure from being run over by cabs and drays.

I shall not know myself when these happy times come along; but, if I may give a word of warning, I hope that the new lines will be arranged on some intelligent principle and that the separate Companies will not be allowed to work just as they like, without any concerted plan. The best thing would be to have some central station or exchange, something like that now in existence by the Mansion House, only on a bigger scale. Under Trafalgar Square would be an excellent place, for the middle of the world is situated there.

What I want to know is, who will use the streets when the good time coming has come? Everybody will be underground, and I cannot think of anyone except women shopping who will still be in the open air, for I suppose that the shops will be where they are now. Another thing which puzzles me is, what will the local authorities and electric, water, gas, and telephone people do when they are tucked away in pipes below-ground? The sport of pulling up the roadway will lose all its zest when it is no longer possible to annoy "The Man in the Street" by turning him out of his way. I can imagine, however, that a good deal of sport will be extracted from blocking up tunnels and underground passages, with a judicious eye to the greatest inconvenience of the greatest number. But it is just this little game that I hope to prevent by hinting at it beforehand in what, I fear, the authorities will consider to be a flippant manner.

No one enjoys Christmas weather in a book or on the stage more than I do, but I object to having the streets turned into a skating-rink five weeks before Christmas. We had a frost about a week ago, but there is an order from somebody that the Strand must be sluiced down with hose-pipes at midnight, whatever happens. The consequence was that, when the usual flood had been caused, the frost turned all the puddles into ice, and, when I went along the Strand next morning, I found elderly gentlemen tripping and striking ungainly attitudes in all directions. As an effort of municipal wit, the whole thing was good of its kind, but some of the ratepayers did not appreciate it at its full value. To spare their feelings, I hope that, when next a frost comes on, as it will most likely do very soon, you will be a little more sparing of your hose-pipes and water, most excellent but unknown local authorities. If you want to turn the Strand into a skating-rink, let us know overnight.

MISS AMY CASTLES.

THIS young Australian singer, whose début in London at the St. James's Hall last week brought together a large and fashionable audience, is a native of Melbourne, where she first saw the light some nineteen years ago. She received most of her musical education at the famous mining city of Bendigo, whither her family removed when she was eight years of age. Although as a child she had sung at many juvenile functions and taken part in various competitions, it was not till March 1899 that she came prominently before the public, when she attracted the attention of Lady Brassey by her singing at an amateur concert. After that her reputation grew apace, and at her farewell performance at Melbourne over sixteen thousand persons paid for admission. Since then, Miss Castles has been studying in Paris, and, though she modestly claims to be still only a young student, she acquitted herself most creditably at St. James's Hall, where she was assisted by Miss Ada Crossley and other friends. Her voice is a soprano of wide range and considerable power, the upper notes being particularly bright and telling. To this she adds an attractive presence and a most unassuming manner.



MISS AMY CASTLES, THE NEW SINGER.

Photo by Fellows Willson, 141, New Bond Street, W.

THE CHAPERON.

The Coming Year a Wedding Year—Some Eligible Bachelors, from Duke to Future Duke—The Coronation Coach—Queen Alexandra's Interest in Coronation Robes.

THE Coronation year will evidently be a great wedding year. New engagements are announced or foreshadowed every day. That of Mr. Ivor Guest disposes of a very eligible *parti*, as well as of a future Peer. An American paper published recently an interesting list of the type of British bachelor whom, presumably, the Transatlantic belle would like to marry. The list, I notice, is headed by the Duke of Roxburghe. At the present moment there is not much chance of frequent makings of Marchionesses, for Lord Bute is practically the only eligible Marquis and is a Roman Catholic. Lord Sligo is unmarried, but seems a confirmed bachelor. There are, however, half-a-dozen Earls and many Peers still wifeless.

Among "the elder sons still left," as the American scribe pathetically puts it, I notice the place of honour is given to Lord Percy, future Duke

of Northumberland; but, as an actual fact, there are a great many future Dukes "still left," especially if the nephews of reigning Potentates be included. Mr. Ivor Guest is marrying the youngest and only unmarried daughter of Lord Ebury, and the wedding will be one of those great family gatherings at which the Churchill clan overshadow by their numbers and splendours humbler mortals present.

The news that the King is ordering a new State-coach will make many wealthy Peers do likewise. These splendid equipages are seen to peculiar advantage on such an occasion as Coronation Day, and many a fine old family-coach will then make its appearance in the streets of London for the first time for many years.

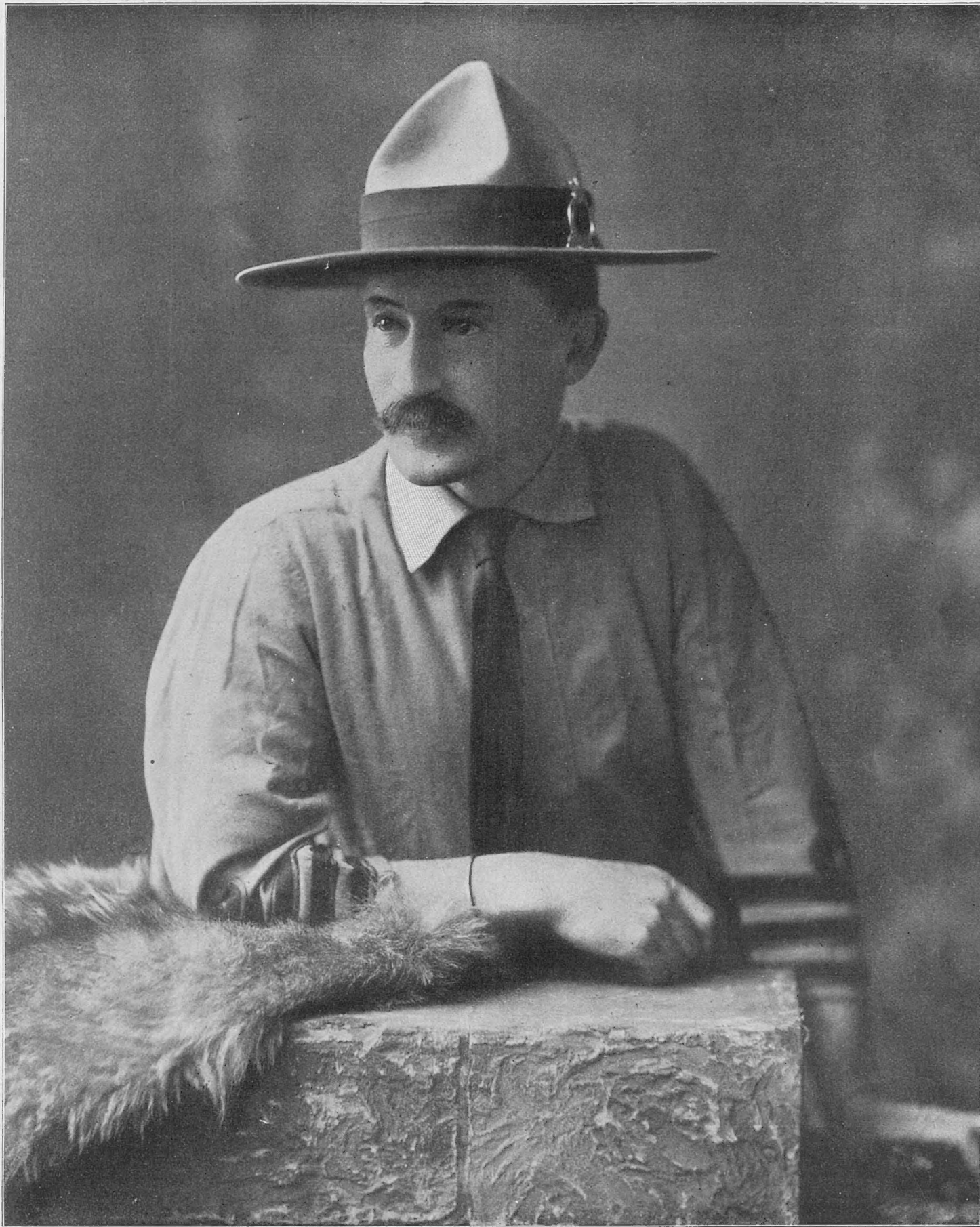
Queen Alexandra really does seem to take a most intense interest in what may be called the Coronation-clothes question. Her Majesty has been, I hear, very much displeased to learn that, in spite of her definitely expressed wish on the matter, many smart Peeresses are ordering their robes not only from Paris, but from Vienna and Brussels. Lady Curzon of Kedleston—who, in this matter following the example of former Vicereines, writes occasional letters to the Queen, telling her something of the native women, and of the efforts which are being made to improve their condition—recently sent to Marlborough House a number of specimens of Delhi and Agra embroidery; and so delighted was Queen Alexandra with the specimens submitted that she ordered a large number of her Court-dresses to be similarly ornamented. Of course, nothing can exceed in splendour and costliness the robes and garments worn by the great Indian Rajahs and their wives, and it will be interesting to see if Her Majesty will in this matter set a fashion which may bring a great deal of good to King Edward's Eastern Empire.

The "L.K.A." Show, held as a kind of benefit for Mrs. Stennard Robinson, the energetic and popular Hon. Secretary, to whom every dog-lover and woman dog-owner owes a deep debt of gratitude, was a great success, notwithstanding the bad weather. I hear that something like £20,000 is spent each year by wealthy American women on British toy-dogs.

"B.-P." BACK TO WORK.

The return of Major-General Baden-Powell to the Seat of War, though in a sense regretted, will cause great satisfaction both in this country and in South Africa, for the magic of his name is worth more, perhaps, than a couple of regiments, if not a whole Army Corps. It must

function over, has disappeared again with a suddenness almost startling to the stolid Briton, and before the would-be interviewer has finished sharpening his pencil for the fray his intended victim has been seen by reliable persons many hundreds of miles away. This was the more astonishing as the gallant General was supposed to be resting from the fatigues of interminable South African treks varied only by intervals of fighting and



MAJOR-GENERAL BADEN-POWELL IN THE KHAKI UNIFORM LATELY DESIGNED BY HIMSELF FOR SOUTH AFRICAN WEAR.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LYDDELL SAWYER, REGENT STREET, W.

he confessed that, if proof were needed of the gallant "B.-P.'s" abilities to render himself invisible at will when engaged in scouting or midnight reconnoitring, the British public, and more especially the so-called "ubiquitous" interviewer, have had it to the full. Although occasionally turning up for short periods to receive presents of swords-of-honour, chargers, saddle-cloths, and various other little tokens of esteem and affection from both male and female admirers, "B.-P.," once the

a general scarcity of rations. Probably "B.-P." has felt it incumbent on him to follow out the golden rule of his "Aids to Scouting" and "practise in peace time." At any rate, he has for some weeks past been eager to return to his beloved Constabulary, and only the refusal of the doctors to "pass" him has kept him back. Soon, in a brand-new khaki suit of his own invention, guaranteed to render him more invisible than ever, he will again be on his way to Africa and, let us hope, promotion.

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SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

The City's Royal Guests.

The Prince and Princess of Wales's triumphal progress to the Guildhall will enliven the first dark days of December. The City has always been nothing if not loyal, and the scene at the Guildhall—especially that which is to take place in the Library, when the Prince and Princess are to receive an Address from the Lord Mayor—will be particularly brilliant, while the luncheon will be attended by close on a thousand noteworthy guests. The Prince of Wales has long been familiar with the London East of Temple Bar; as a child, he took part in the Thanksgiving Day Procession, when Queen Victoria, accompanied by the then convalescent Prince of Wales, by his Consort, and by their children, went to return thanks for the Heir-Apparent's recovery from his terrible illness. Since that far-away day, the Prince of Wales has constantly been to the City, both *incognito* and in his capacity as Master of the Trinity House and as President of St. Bartholomew's Hospital. The Princess of Wales, before her marriage, assisted at several important charitable meetings at the Mansion House, for the late Duchess of Teck

having fallen into a deep ditch with their horses on top of them, were in imminent danger of perishing either by drowning or at the hands of the enemy. "Parson Adams," up to his waist in water, managed to extricate the Lancers, and, his own horse having been shot, had himself a very narrow escape, as he had to trust to "Shanks' mare."

The Duke of Inverness.

The new title and accompanying honour which it is understood the King will bestow at the Coronation upon the Duke of Fife has naturally occasioned much jubilation in the neighbourhood of Mar Lodge and on the patrimonial estate of the Duke in Banff and Moray shires. In these counties the Duke has disposed of a goodly number of the ancestral acres; but he retains the Lord-Lieutenancy of the latter county—an office he has held since 1871—and his land interest is still considerable. As Lord Macduff, he was extremely popular when Liberal representative of Elgin and Nairn from 1874 till 1879, and some of his experiences when canvassing the constituency he enjoys to the present day either



LADY EVELYN WARD,



LADY MABEL CRICHTON.

THE TWO BEAUTIFUL DAUGHTERS OF THE COUNTESS OF ERNE.

From Photographs by J. Thomson, Grosvenor Street, W.

was very fond of the City, and always turned first to the Lord Mayor when she had any charitable object very near her heart for which she required practical advice and assistance.

Notable Royal Appointments.

In addition to the officials of the Prince of Wales's Household, three notable Royal appointments have just been made. The first is that of Major C. A. A. Frederick, of the Coldstream Guards, to be Deputy-Master of His Majesty's Household. Major Frederick has of late been attached to the new 3rd Battalion of his regiment, but he saw war-service with the 1st Battalion in the Soudan and with the Egyptian Army. The second is that of Major N. W. Cuthbertson, of the Black Watch, to be Equerry to H.R.H. Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll. Major Cuthbertson also served in the Soudan, and in the South African Campaign as well. Though dangerously wounded at Magersfontein, he did good service at Koodoosberg and greatly distinguished himself at Paardeberg. The third appointment is that of "Parson Adams" to be Chaplain to the King, in place of the new Bishop of Durham. The Rev. W. Adams, now Vicar of Stow Bardolph, is the only clergyman who wears the Victoria Cross. This distinction he won in Afghanistan more than a score of years ago, when he rescued several men of the 9th Lancers who,

to rehearse himself or hear told by some old friend. With the town of Inverness, which will give the Duke his new title, the Fife family have no connection of any kind.

Two Lovely Irish Sisters.

There are at the present moment many groups of beautiful sisters in Society, but none more charming and more curiously alike in their beauty than the two daughters of Lord and Lady Erne. The marriage of the elder, Lady Evelyn, was quite a romance, and attracted much attention owing to the fact that her wedding and that of Mr. Gerald Ward, one of Lord Dudley's many good-looking brothers, took place only a few days before the bridegroom went off to South Africa, at the darkest moment in the South African Campaign—that is, just two years ago. Lady Evelyn Ward, more fortunate than some of her contemporaries, had the joy of welcoming home her husband safe and sound.

Lady Mabel Crichton.

Lady Mabel—who may still be counted among the débutantes, for she is not yet twenty—was the prettiest of the bevy of bridesmaids who attended her cousin, yet another Irish beauty, Miss Leila Crichton, when the latter became the wife of Sir John Milbanke, V.C. Crom Castle, where

Lord and Lady Erne's four sons and two daughters have spent most of their young lives, is one of the finest places in Ireland, and has been the seat of the Crichton family for close on four hundred years. The Castle contains many interesting mementoes of the War, for Lord Erne's eldest son and heir, Lord Crichton, was on the Staff of Sir George White during the siege of Ladysmith, and two of his younger sons, Mr. George Crichton and Mr. James Crichton, have also served King and Country during this long and arduous campaign.

A Hero's Wife and Grand-daughter.

Mrs. Aspinwall, the beautiful wife of the popular Lieutenant-Colonel J. Harry Aspinwall (now at "the Front"), is a grand-daughter of the famous Lord Napier of Magdala who played so great a part in the conquest of India, through her mother, once the Hon. Anne Amelia Napier, now well known in London Society as Mrs. Madocks. Mrs. Aspinwall, like almost all the ladies connected through their husbands with the Army, has devoted a great deal of her time since the beginning of the South African Campaign to the excellent charities which do their best to help the "Absent-minded Beggar's" wife and children.

A Princess Diva.

The Princess de Wrède, who made her début at Queen's Hall last Monday (Nov. 25), is probably the first Princess who has ascended in a professional sense the concert-platform. Like so many gifted women, Her Highness is of Hungarian birth, her father having held a high official position in Hungary; and her musical gifts were seen very early—indeed, it is said that her wonderful voice led to her marriage with Prince Adolph de Wrède, the head of one of those Princely houses which hold titles in France, in Germany, and in Austria. The Princess has had a romantic life, for not long after her marriage the Prince attempted to get the union annulled; but the French Courts lately formally decided that this lady is fully entitled to her husband's name. The Princess de Wrède has studied singing in Paris, and she made a very successful appearance at Dinard, a great centre of aristocratic France. Her musical godfathers in London have been M. Ysaye, Mr. Newman, and Mr. Langdon Ronald.



THE PRINCESS DE WRÈDE, WHO HAS JUST MADE HER DÉBUT IN LONDON AS A SINGER.

Photo by Otto, Paris.

The Hon. Lady Johnston.

The Hon. Lady Johnston, whose portrait appears on this page, is the wife of that distinguished diplomat, Sir Harry Johnston, G.C.M.G., K.C.B., who has had a notable career as H.M.'s Special Commissioner, Commander-in-Chief, and Consul-General for the Uganda Protectorate. She is the



THE HON. LADY JOHNSTON, WIFE OF SIR HARRY JOHNSTON, OF UGANDA AND "OKAPI" FAME.

younger sister of Lord Boston and a niece of Lord de Saumarez. Lady Johnston has accompanied her husband to Uganda on several occasions, but now that Sir Harry has served his period of office there they will reside at their pretty place, "Tannheim," Bournemouth, until Sir Harry is appointed to another important post in the Diplomatic Service. Quite recently, Sir Harry lectured before the Royal Geographical Society on the Okapi (a unique, hornless, and hitherto unknown animal), the skeleton of which he presented to the British Museum, and it was a great disappointment to many who were present at the lecture that the skeleton of this weird animal was not on view; but the Museum authorities wisely decline, once a thing is given to them, to allow it outside the gates again.

The New Royal Borough.

Kensington has long arrogated to itself, and with some justice, the title of "Royal Borough," and now the King has been pleased to grant the title "Royal" to the famous old Borough with which the late Sovereign and the present Princess of Wales had and have so many intimate associations, for, curiously enough, they were both born in Kensington Palace, and the little daughters of the Duchess of Kent and the Duchess of Teck, at some forty years' distance, spent their happy childhood in this quaintest and most picturesque of Royal residences.

Marvellous Melba.

Madame Melba, after concluding a most successful visit to Ireland, during the course of which she stayed some days at Baronscourt as the guest of the Duke and Duchess of Abercorn, was one of Lord and Lady Savile's guests at Rufford Abbey on the occasion of the Charity Fête at Nottingham, and it was greatly owing to her presence that the concert realised the largest sum ever raised by a musical entertainment for a charity outside London—that is, over a thousand pounds. The great Australian diva will probably spend a portion of the winter, notably February and March, on the Riviera, and, if so, she and M. Jean de Reszké will be heard at Monte Carlo. Madame Melba, as was shown by her adoption of the name she has made so famous, is devoted to the fine Colony where she was born, and she has taken the keenest interest in the Prince and Princess of Wales's recent Colonial tour.

Two New Engagements.

Two interesting engagements have just been made public—that of Mr. Ivor Guest, Lord Wimborne's eldest son and heir, to Miss Alice Grosvenor, Lord Ebury's youngest daughter; and that of the great heiress, Miss Helyar, Lord Savile's step-daughter, to Captain Heneage of the Grenadier Guards. Miss Helyar, who came of age only last year, is the

owner of Coker Court. She is one of the most popular girls in Society, and of late years has often acted as bridesmaid at great London weddings. Mr. Ivor Guest is, of course, first-cousin to the Duke of Marlborough, the Duke of Roxburghe, and Mr. Winston Churchill. He is the eldest of five brothers, is already carving out for himself a political career, and has sat for Plymouth in the Conservative interest since the last General Election.

A Royal Divorce. A Royal divorce is a very rare event; indeed, those which have taken place during the last hundred years—even including the most famous of all, that of the Emperor Napoleon I. and his unfortunate Consort, Josephine—may be counted on the fingers of one hand. To these must now be added the divorce, on grounds of hopeless incompatibility of temper, of two of Her late Majesty's grandchildren, namely, the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Hesse. The Grand Duke is the only surviving son of the late Princess Alice; he has several charming sisters, of whom the best-known are the Empress of Russia and Princess Henry of Prussia, while yet a third, Princess Louis of Battenberg, has now lived for many years in this country. The Grand Duchess is the second daughter of the late Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, and she spent much of her girlhood at Eastwell Park and at Clarence House. There is but one child, a daughter, of the marriage so soon to be dissolved, and it has been arranged that she will divide her time between the two parents, who are, of course, first-cousins as well as man and wife.

Miss Marie Corelli lectured for about an hour and a quarter, scarcely looking at her notes, to the members of the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution last week upon the subject of "Imagination," which she styled "The Vanishing Gift." Marie Corelli unveiled as a lecturer, with a close-fitting white dress with flowing, transparent sleeves, and talking with ease, grace, and charm, so that every word was heard to the thousands assembled in the Music Hall, quite took the vast audience by storm. She began by intimating that she was not, and never would be, a platform lady; she was only a woman, with no pretensions to being half a man. The feverish unrest of the age and love of excitement were killing the power of creative imagination. She then instanced cases of vandalism in Scotland, such as the aluminium works at the Falls of Foyers, and the destroying of the Silver Strand and Ellen's Isle, Loch Katrine, which should have been protested against. She quoted nicely from songs and ballads, and told the audience that her reception in Edinburgh would be one of her choicest memories. Long ago, when a young girl, one of the first of Edinburgh's sights she was taken to see was the Scott Monument. If she could write even a line to make one human being better or happier, she felt she would not have lived in vain.

King Edward The King has enjoyed excellent sport in the past fortnight, in spite of strong wind and rough weather. Three days in the Windsor Forest preserves yielded nearly two thousand pheasants, and, had the days been finer, the bag would have been still heavier,

for the ground has not been shot over for a long time and preserving is carried on most carefully. The possibilities of the preserves were by no means exhausted, and it is stated that His Majesty will shoot over the same estate before the end of the year. Metropolitan hospitals received a good share of the bag—a tasty gift now that pheasants are getting their natural food, and getting it for themselves. They have a flavour after mid-November that is not noticeable in the days when they are the sportsman's lawful prey for the first time in the season. King Edward has been shooting on the estates of some of his friends and neighbours near Sandringham, and early in December he will be seen at two of the



Photo by Hoffert, Berlin.

THE GRAND DUKE OF HESSE.



Photo by Ruf, Darmstadt.

THE GRAND DUCHESS OF HESSE.

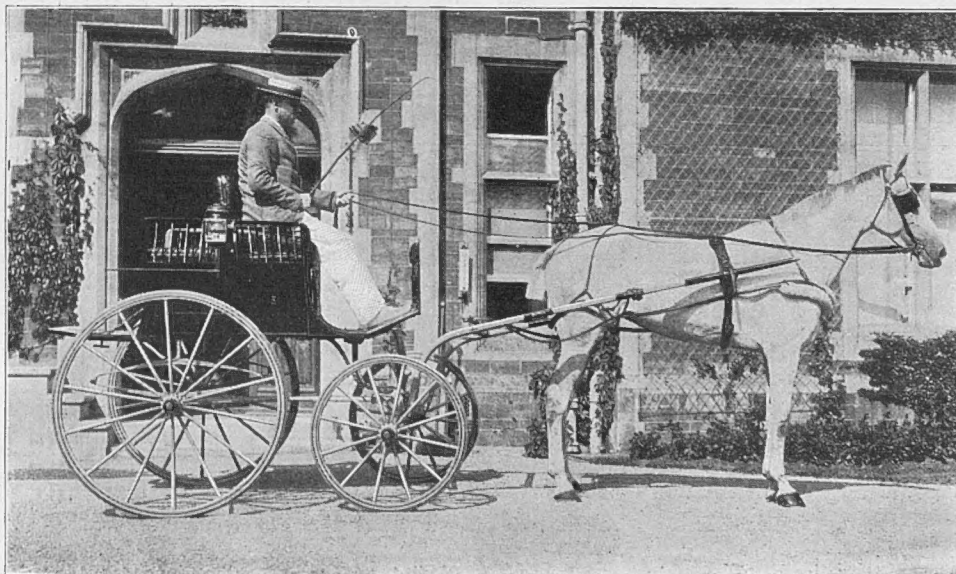
A ROYAL DIVORCE.

finest shooting-places in England—Holkham Hall, Lord Leicester's seat in Norfolk, and Elveden Hall, Lord Iveagh's place near Thetford, in the same district. Our Eastern Counties seem to hold pride of place for every kind of shooting. The coverts suit the preserved game as well as any in the South and Midland Counties, and, in addition, there are large numbers of wildfowl, woodcock, snipe, and other birds constantly arriving at the East Coast from the sea. The vast tract of coast from the Dutch Islands of the Zeeland up to the Skager Rack seems to harbour birds that find their way to our North Sea shore, but the greatest numbers are found off the Dutch coast, and Norfolk, Suffolk, and Essex share the benefit of their winter visits.

Sport at Holkham. Holkham Hall is not only remarkable for its extensive and varied shooting, it can claim to have held the records in years when sport was not nearly so fashionable as it is to-day, and the game-books of the estate, which go back a long way, give a very fair idea of the improvement that has resulted in shooting since careful preserving and modern guns have replaced obsolete methods and weapons. The owners of Holkham Hall have been sportsmen, and careful ones too. It is not without considerable trouble as well as expenditure that the estate has maintained its position. Lord Iveagh's place near Thetford is another finely preserved estate. Some of the coverts have already been shot, and five guns in two days made a bag that ran well into four figures. Good sport has also been obtained at Chatsworth, which is, perhaps, the finest of the Duke of Devonshire's many country-houses. One day's shooting yielded six hundred pheasants to the efforts of half-a-dozen guns. All over the country one hears of heavy bags that would have been considered impossible—or, at least, phenomenal—in our fathers' time. Comparatively small shootings within an hour from town yield three-figure bags to men who had never handled a gun six or seven years ago.

A Popular Sportsman.

Sir Humphrey de Trafford is one of the most popular of British sportsmen, and in his own sporting county his has long been a name to conjure with. The head of one of the oldest Roman Catholic families in the kingdom, Sir Humphrey, who is still on the right side of forty, early showed keen interest in everything that contributes to make not only pleasant but useful the life of a great English squire, and,



SIR HUMPHREY DE TRAFFORD IN HIS FAMOUS TROTTING-BUGGY.

Photo by Salmon and Batcham, New Bond Street, W.

since he succeeded his father as third baronet, at the age of twenty-four, he has made the name of his beautiful place, Hill Crest, near Market Harborough, synonymous with the fine old sports which have always been peculiarly British, namely, hunting, cricket, and coursing. At Hill Crest the breeding of horses and dogs takes up much of Sir Humphrey's thought and attention, and there are few great shows held each year where he is not represented by a prize-winner.

Lady Arthur Butler.

Lady Arthur Butler is one of the beautiful group of American women who have elected to become English by marriage. *Née* Miss Stayer, the daughter of a distinguished United States General, her marriage to Lord Ormonde's brother and heir-presumptive took place fourteen years ago. Lady Arthur Butler is devoted to Ireland and is never happier than when in "the distressful country." She is the proud mother of two sons and two daughters, the youngest of her children being a little daughter, now seven years old.

On Friday and Saturday (the 15th and 16th), despite bad weather, the Emperor, Prince Henry, Prince Eitel Fritz, and Grand Duke Vladimir of Russia had some very good sport at Letzlingen (writes the Berlin Correspondent of *The Sketch*). As the actual spot where the game is to be found is some way distant from headquarters, the whole party proceeded thither early in the morning in wagonettes, the never-absent police riding in front, the public shouting and cheering wherever they could get a sight of the party, and the horns blowing forth merry blasts of welcome to the tune of the "Fürstengruss." Friday's sport consisted chiefly of deer; a goodly number of these were shot in all, the Emperor accounting for no less than twenty-one, Prince Henry shooting eight, and Prince Eitel Fritz killing six. According to reports from Letzlingen, the second beat was even more successful than the first. On Saturday, apparently, attention was paid more chiefly to pig-sticking, no fewer than 38 boars falling victims to the Royal party in the space of one hour. The Emperor himself slew as many as eighteen. In the evening they all returned to the Castle, which was gaily lit up with Bengal lights. A hearty dinner concluded a most successful and enjoyable day's sport, and then all left Letzlingen for the journey home.

The Emperor on the Navy.

On the Monday following the Letzlingen shoot, the Emperor, with his usual versatility, turned his attention to more serious affairs, and delivered a really brilliant speech at a meeting of the "Shipbuilding Company's" Directors in Berlin. I received the gist of the speech (adds my Berlin Correspondent) from one of the great scientists of the day in Germany who was among those invited. The Emperor, in the most lucid manner, defined the tasks of modern naval architecture. He said that warships ought to be constructed with due regard to the methods of warfare, and that, for this reason, in Germany, not an engineer, but an experienced naval officer had been placed at the head of the Government shipbuilding department. In a brilliant historical sketch, the Emperor described the tactical methods of various naval heroes, such as Nelson and others, and showed how the shape and armature of their ships were adapted to these

methods, and *vice versa*. His Majesty wound up with an amusing anecdote from his own life.

Anglophobia in Berlin.

There is no use in trying to deny the fact that Anglophobia is on the increase in Berlin, as elsewhere in Germany. Mr. Chamberlain's casual reference to the German method of warfare in 1870-71 has stirred up all the semi-latent feelings of rancour and hatred on the part of the Germans towards the English to a most remarkable degree. "Protest-versammlungen," or meetings of protest, are being held daily by every imaginable Club and in every class of society. The hawkers in the streets sell by thousands little red pamphlets, entitled "Protest gegen Chamberlain," the latter name being pronounced invariably "Shambilin," in a droning tone of incantation, while the German papers, never noticeable for their originality in the way of news, dish up for their readers columns of rabid, idle, senseless chatter about thirty years' old history. Some day, it may be hoped, the hatchet will be buried, but hardly before the last embers of warfare in South Africa have burnt themselves out.

Mr. Antonietti, to turn to a more pleasant subject, is charming huge audiences, German as well as English, with his delicious violin-playing. Only the other evening the Beethoven Saal was crowded with over a thousand people who had come to listen to his beautiful playing. The German critics, generally decidedly inclined to be harsh towards English musicians, praised him without stint, as he deserves. Mr. Antonietti, it will be remembered, played some time ago to large audiences in the chief concert-halls in London. He made his chief début at Dresden in the Royal Symphony Concerts, and then played with very great success in Vienna, Cologne, and Prague. In Vienna he enjoyed a very notable triumph; he is still extremely young and has a very great future.

The Cottesmore foxhounds had a narrow escape quite recently. They put up a fox that gave the field a hard run into Mr. Fernie's country, and then turned north towards the Quorn boundary. At Tilton Station the fox crossed the line, and a

train coming along almost immediately afterwards was just pulled up in time to avoid a catastrophe. Luckily for the Hunts, the engine-drivers go carefully in this part of the country, and it is easy to see that bad accidents might occur if they did not. Cottesmore, Belvoir, and Quorn countries meet at Melton Mowbray, and the hounds are out in the district every day. By the way, Arthur Thatcher, the Cottesmore huntsman, went to that responsible post, when George Gillson retired, from the Essex Union Hunt, whose land lies south of the Blackwater River. He is only about thirty years of age, and had been second whip in Lord Middleton's and second and first whip in Mr. Fernie's before he went to Essex. He is a young man for the position.

A Veteran Lady Explorer.

Certainly the fair sex do not know age. The intrepid explorer, Madame de Ray, the mother of the Comtesse de Faverty and the grandmother of the Duc d'Abrantes, is leaving for a tour in the Himalayas. And her age? The bagatelle of eighty-four!



LADY ARTHUR BUTLER.

Photo by Faulkner and Co., Baker Street, W.

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SMALL TALK ON THE BOULEVARDS.

Duchess at a Beauty Show.

I notice that a great deal of mystery has been made over the Duchesse de L——, who was a candidate for the beauty prize at Barnum and Bailey's, which opened on Saturday (writes the Paris Correspondent of *The Sketch*). It was the Duchesse de Loze.

The New Pompadour.

De Bergerat treats history in "La Pompadour," at the Porte St. Martin, in the same breezy fashion as in "Plus que Reine," when dealing with Josephine. He practically obliterates Louis XV., and insists on the mournful rôles played by the discarded husband of La Pompadour and the unfortunate drudge that was the Queen. Who does not remember the words of the dying courtesan to the priest who had given her absolution—"Wait a minute, and I will come to heaven with you, and you will explain," or the sinister remark of Louis as he saw her funeral in a storm of rain, "Beastly weather she has got"? All that is historic is omitted. Jane Hading was positively exquisite as the heroine, and her dresses were too superb.

The Censor and the Comédie.

The Censor finds that his very best friends were his most reputed enemies. The managers agree that, incomprehensible as were many of his decisions, he was at least approachable, whereas, if he is abolished, they will be at the tender mercies of a police spy of no education. Antoine's policy is deplored by Porel, Frank, Samuel, and even Gémier. As to the Comédie-Française, there will be a sensational scene, I am told, at the annual meeting in December. Claretie will dismiss three well-known Sociétaires, refuse all rights to play abroad or in the provinces, group around him a Committee of the youngest members of the House of Molière, and oust the old brigade.

The Price of Beauty.

There is a distinct fall in the value of beauty in Paris at the present moment. When the Folies-Bergères made an offer to Liane de Pougy, Otero, Cléo de Mérode, d'Alençon, and so on, the Olympia Music Hall bid over the Folies, and the Folies, in its turn, went one better. The proprietors, finding that this was spelling blue ruin, have decided to amalgamate their interests in a Limited Liability Company, and pretty faces are accordingly looking careworn.

The Guide Plague.

The decision of the Holy See to obliterate, and, if necessary, entirely remove pictures and statuary of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries from all churches on the Continent, will be learnt with regret by real artists and students of the ideas of olden days. The reason is regrettable, and my informant was one who was consulted by the Vatican before the decision was arrived at. The priests and the devout protested that churches where there was ancient statuary were simply turned into curiosity-shows by the polyglot guides that infest the Continent. In the middle of High Mass they would lead in a band of tourists who had not the slightest notion of architectural marvels and who only walked from one specimen of crude art to another. It is a pity that there is no hand such as John Ruskin's to guide a trenchant pen to denounce these latter-day vandals.

Poor Shop-Girls.

When the Government recently decided that in every shop where women were employed the proprietor should provide a seat where the girl might sit when she was



LA LOÏE FULLER AND MADAME SADA YACCO.

La Loïe Fuller pays a Morning Call on the celebrated Japanese Actress at her home in Passy. Sada has had a great success in Paris.

not serving, there was joy among the wearied ones. The chairs are provided, but anyone who uses them is discharged on a futile excuse.

Kate Greenaway.

It would have been a surprise to kindly-hearted Kate Greenaway to know in what regard she was held by the French. Her works were all translated and beautifully illustrated by the French publishers. "She was the only artist," says one writer, "who could portray the yearning, mystified, and wondering eyes of the children. She made you love the little ones, and she deserves a monument in the Luxembourg Gardens, where the children she loved play"—a generous idea on the part of the Parisians and one which will be probably realised.

An East-End Verlaine.

I read in a London journal that "Spring" Onions had turned up at an East-End Police Court to announce that he had been sober for three years, although he was still addicted to poetry. To my astonishment, I read in a Parisian journal that "Spring" Onions might be regarded as the Paul Verlaine of London. I protest, as, I am sure, will Mr. Richard Le Gallienne. The King of the decadent poets, the vague successor of de Musset, the dreamer over the deadly absinthe, to be compared to "Spring" Onions is deplorable and must not prevail.

Rights of the Ladies.

The action of Madame Loubet, the wife of the President, in signing the register at the marriage of a personal friend is a fashionable revolution. The law that recognises the signature of a lady to an official contract is of recent date, and Madame la Présidente is the first that has availed herself of the right. Henceforth, it is certain that the lady witness will be associated with every Society wedding. Whether female "best men"—to use an Irishism—will come, I do not know. Under this ultra-democratic Waldeck-Rousseau Cabinet many strange changes have taken place.



APROPOS OF THE LATEST PARIS THEATRICAL PRODUCTION, "LA POMPADOUR," THE COQUELINS (FATHER AND SON) IN THE OFFICE OF THE MANAGER OF THE PORTE ST. MARTIN THEATRE. From Photographs by Gribayedoff, Paris.

THE SOCIAL JESTER



WINTER—AND A SAD TALE.

A SAD tale, says the poet who never errs, is best for winter, and so I cannot do better than tell you a little something about the first winter that I am able to remember. For you and I, Dollie dear, know well that the days of childhood are frequently the least happy days of life; the sky is often grey as seen from the school-room window. Even now, I never look upon a beautiful sunset without thinking, with a shudder, of a forbidding stone wall and a small boy who used to peep over it furtively and wonder just which point of the horizon was nearest to his home. A fall of snow, too, has the same effect upon me, for it brings to my mind hateful memories of snow-fights and other abominations that small boys are supposed to love so dearly and which I loathed with such a bitter loathing.

The first winter that I remember is the winter of the year in which I was eight. (If I told you the exact date, you wouldn't believe me, and so we will leave the matter irritatingly vague.) It was a melancholy winter; I think all the winters were melancholy when I was a little boy. In these days, the weather doesn't seem to matter very much, but then it made all the difference. You see, I happened to be one of the younger members of a very large family, and had two brothers and three sisters older than myself. In the summer, we were allowed to wander about the garden and the fields in ones and twos, but in the winter we were herded together in the school-room or went for walks in a large body. That was a system, that I, for one, found highly objectionable.

On wet days in the winter, we stayed, as I have said, in the school-room, and I was brought into much closer proximity with the rest of my family than was at all congenial to me. In their way, no doubt, they were very nice people. Indeed, when my elder brothers were at school I used to send them long letters full of family news and fervently expressed wishes for their good health and conduct. A week or so before their holidays began, however, my love seemed to shrink and wither within me, until the babel of their voices in the hall, sounding somewhat muffled and uncertain through the maternal kiss, turned my heart to lead and my blood to vinegar. True, the winter holidays—in those days—lasted only a month, but those four weeks were teeming with morbid apprehension for the youthful "Chicot." I say apprehension advisedly, for a blow, after all, is no such very deadly thing when the swelling has subsided, and a kick is not necessarily fatal when one has acquired the knack of anticipatory dodging. It was my second brother, I remember, of whom I stood most in terror. Just lately he has been venting his pugnacious instincts upon the Boers, but when I was eight, Dollie dear, his methods of attack were on a less elaborate scale and were conducted at closer range.

My eldest brother, having more of the military expert in his nature, refrained from engaging me in hand-to-hand combat, and contented himself with bellowing out criticism and encouragement from the other end of the room. The criticism, I should explain,



GREAT FUN!

was directed towards myself, whilst my second brother, who was a nasty man to quarrel with, mopped up the encouragement. At the end of the engagement, the red and cross nurse mopped up your doleful correspondent.

That, roughly speaking, was how we spent a winter's day when the elements were pitiless and the grim God of War in the ascendant. On fine days, we all went for a walk with the governess. Thinking the matter over judicially, in the quiet of my own room and the light of mature judgment, I don't think I should like to have been our governess. As a small boy, my second brother was hardly possessed of those fine qualities which have since served to endear him to the hearts of woman-kind at large, and I am perfectly certain that one or two, at least, of my several sisters were inclined to be contradictory and troublesome. The poor ladies used to come to us, I remember, with hope in their hearts, colour in their cheeks, and light in their eyes. At the end of a week, however, their main desire was to avoid being brought into mental conflict with my sisters' wits or personal contact with my second brother's boots.

As a rule, I didn't like our governesses. They were wont to use me, I suspect, as a sort of foil when their other charges threatened to be particularly offensive. At that period, as I think I have mentioned before, I was soft enough and round enough and sensitive enough to make an ideal butt. I suppose it seemed a great idea to the poor things, harried as they were, to draw off the attention of the pack from themselves to myself.

When they were new to the game, of course, their natural feelings inspired them with some sort of protective instinct; but this splendid display of womanliness, despite my efforts to encourage it, seldom lasted out the first fortnight. At the end of that time, they became sufficiently worldly-wise to delight my brothers by making me eat my



crusts and to curry favour with my sisters by referring to me as a horrid, rough boy.

When we went out for a walk, my one safeguard was to persuade the governess to tell a story, and it depended upon her skill as a fiction-purveyor as to whether I was allowed to plod my way in peace or was kept constantly on the alert by surreptitious attempts to lay me in the mud or prod me in the back. Such being the case, I would urge the jaded lady to discourse of hairbreadth escapes from lions and desperate struggles between raving maniacs on the top of factory chimneys. These illiterate monstrosities, I need hardly tell you, contained, in themselves, a sufficient offence for me in every phrase, but I infinitely preferred to have my artistic instincts outraged than to be emptied, at intervals, into a wet ditch or be jabbed in the spine with the business-end of a pointed stick. Perhaps I am rather of that way of thinking even now.

With bedtime came renewed horrors in the shape of bolster-fights, apple-pie-beds, wet sponges, and alarms of ghosts. But even elder brothers are sometimes compelled, by sheer fatigue, to cease from their troubling, and, when they had fallen into a peaceful and ill-deserved slumber, I was free to think my own little thoughts and nurse my own little bitternesses in the stillness and darkness of the night. And sometimes, when my wide-open eyes were aching and my head was throbbing with the tumult of my thoughts, the mother of us all would steal into the room with shaded candle, tuck us up one by one, and breathe a good-night kiss upon each boyish brow. At such times, for very shame of my mood, I would pretend to be asleep, but not the less salt for that were the tears that fell upon my pillow when the light was gone and the door was closed. A sad tale, maybe, is best for winter, but the good fairies, Dollie dear, should play the chief parts when the stage is set and lighted for a day in spring.

Chicot



"THE SKETCH" BEHIND THE SCENES: MISS LOUIE FREEAR AT THE STRAND THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY R. W. THOMAS, CHEAPSIDE.

LADY MASTERS OF HOUNDS.

SINCE the famous Marchioness of Salisbury, in the last quarter of the eighteenth century, founded the Hatfield Hunt, and showed sport to hard-riding fields till she reached her seventieth year (in 1819), ladies have occasionally directed their own Hunts, and have done it extremely well. The Comtesse de Paris had a pack of harriers,



MISS JANIE PARKIN, MASTER OF THE ASPATRIA HARRIERS.

Photo by Drinkwater Butt, Carlisle

known as the Wood Norton, for a few years; but she delegated her authority in the field to Mr. F. Coates. There are seven lady Masters now reigning, and, of these, five not only direct the affairs of their Hunts, but dispense with the aid of a huntsman and hunt their hounds themselves, a task which involves hard riding, hard work, and sound knowledge of sport.

Her Grace the Duchess of Newcastle has a smart little pack of harriers at Clumber, which she hunts herself, three days a fortnight. The Clumber pack was established in 1895, and the Duchess, who is known to frequenters of dog-shows as owner of some of the finest Borzois in England, takes equal pride in her harriers. She does not, however, often exhibit them; she won with

"Famous" and "Fashion" the first prize at Peterborough Hound Show in 1897 for bitch-hounds that had been hunted, and in 1898 carried off first prize for the best three couple of bitch-hounds.

Lady Gifford established her pack, which now numbers twenty-one couple, in 1894. For three seasons she hunted the Bellingham district of Northumberland, and in 1898 brought the pack to Old Park, Chichester, where it has since been kennelled. Lady Gifford's hunt the country round Chichester, and provide capital sport two days a week; the Master hunts the harriers herself. The lands over which they run demand clever handling of hounds and bold horsemanship, the latter more especially in the Cakeham district, where the ditches are very big. Lady Gifford was not in command last season, as she went to South Africa attached to the Hospital Nursing Staff, and still remains at her post.

Mrs. Cheape, known as "The Squire" of Bentley Manor, owns a pack of about twenty-two couple, with which she hunts a large district in Worcestershire, Warwickshire, and Gloucestershire. This season the scope of her sport is enlarged, as she hunts also, by invitation, the adjoining Willenhall country, which lies vacant owing to the recent death of the Master, Mr. Phillips. The Bentley Harriers were started nine years ago, and have been kennelled at Bentley ever since.

Mrs. Cheape often hunts the pack herself. Her harriers have won their full share of honours at Peterborough, having taken eleven first-prizes since 1896, and half-a-dozen seconds.

When Mr. Pryse Rice, of Llwn-y-brain, Llandovery, gave up his fox-hounds in 1894, Mrs. Pryse Rice earned the gratitude of her sporting neighbours by getting together a pack of harriers. Mrs. Pryse Rice hunts her pack herself, and they stoop to foxes as well as hares. She began with small hounds, but the foxes and hares of the Welsh moors proved too strong for them, and five years ago Mrs. Pryse Rice gave up the small hounds for bigger ones. The pack is immensely popular among the farmers, who take down wire wherever requested and do all they can



MRS. CHEAPE ("THE SQUIRE"), MASTER OF THE BENTLEY HARRIERS, ON "MARTIN."

Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

to help the lady Master to provide sport. Mrs. Pryse Rice's hounds have often distinguished themselves at Peterborough. Her "Villager" won the Champion Cup for dog-hounds at the show of 1900, and in the same year she took both first and second prizes in the class for couples of dog-hounds which had been hunted.

A few months ago, when the Committee of the Aspatria Harriers, in Cumberland, were confronted with the difficulty of finding a successor to Mr. J. M. Strong, the retiring Master, their choice fell upon Miss Janie Parkin, of Blaithe, near Carlisle. Miss Parkin hunts the pack herself, with the occasional help of a huntsman. The Aspatria is a difficult country, as there is much wire and a great part of the land is marshy and unsuitable for horses and hounds. Miss Parkin is a very keen sportswoman; she hunts the Harriers twice a week, and on off-days follows Mr. Salkeld's or the Cumberland Foxhounds, or the Crofton Beagles on foot; in the summer she follows the Carlisle Otter Hounds.

Until the present season, Ireland boasted but one lady Master, in the person of Miss Isa McClintock, who in 1899 succeeded Mr. Cross in the Mastership of the Tynan and Armagh Harriers. Miss McClintock's uncle, Sir James Stronge, of Tynan Abbey, a famous sportsman from whom, perhaps, the present Master has inherited her tastes, formerly owned the Tynan Harriers. After Sir James's death, the Hunt was managed for some years by a Committee, and five years ago it was amalgamated with the Armagh Harriers. Miss McClintock has hunted since childhood with the Tynan Harriers, with the Carlow and Island Foxhounds, and also in Cheshire. She sets hunting first, though very fond of shooting and of all other sports.

Mrs. Staepoole, of Eden Vale, Ennis, who this year succeeded Major Hickman as Master of the Clare Harriers, gives Ireland her second lady Master. The name of Staepoole has for long been closely associated with hunting in County Clare, the existing pack having been established by Mr. R. Staepoole in 1892. It is a splendid country, more than three-fourths being grass.



MISS ISA MCCLINTOCK, MASTER OF THE TYNAN AND ARMAGH HARRIERS, ON "DAN."

In addition to the seven lady Masters of harriers, the list of "Honorary Huntsmen and Whippers-in" shows the names of three ladies who act as whippers-in. For several years past, since 1897, when the pack was established, if I am not mistaken, Mrs. Brisco has acted as first whipper-in to her husband, Captain Brisco, who hunts with his own pack two days a-week the country about Tullamore, in Ireland. Mr. E. G. Echlin, Master and huntsman of the Ripley and Knaphill, which hunt the country about Woking and Brookwood, has this season dispensed with the services of a professional in favour of Mrs. Echlin. In Carmarthenshire, where Mr. M. L. W. Lloyd Price hunts with his own hounds an extensive and difficult country, and where the hares are stout and give very long runs, the Master's daughter, Miss Hilda Lloyd Price, the youngest of four daughters, has acted as his whipper-in ever since she was fourteen years of age. Miss Lloyd Price takes the keenest interest in hounds and their work; her great favourite is "Cruiser," the oldest hound in the pack, and a particularly sagacious old fellow who firmly refuses to own any scent but that of a hare. Mr. Lloyd Price has often tried to "halloo" him on to the line of a fox, but the hound will have nothing to say to it. The experience Miss Lloyd Price has gained qualifies her to act as Master and huntsman of harriers in any country.

It does not appear that a lady has ever been Master or has acted as huntsman or whipper-in to a pack of foxhounds, though every hunting-man of any experience can call to mind the names of ladies who have



LADY GIFFORD, MASTER OF THE OLD PARK PACK.

been and are abundantly capable of officiating in either capacity, were tact, knowledge of sport, and courage in facing stiff country the only essentials. Hunting foxhounds or whipping-in to the huntsman of a pack of foxhounds is very much harder work than hunting harriers or whipping-in. In the first place, the foxhound pack in the field may consist of any number up to thirty couple, while a dozen couple are considered as many as are required to hunt the hare; if more are taken out, they are apt to get in one another's way and be a hindrance instead of a help. Foxhounds, being bigger than harriers, go faster, and the well-conducted fox runs straight, taking hounds, Master, huntsman, and whippers-in far from home and making a long day of it. The hare, on the other hand, is prone to run in a circle, the speed, though exhilarating enough, is not too great, and seldom maintained so long as a run with a fox, and, as the hare usually endeavours to find her way back to the spot whence she started, the long and wearying jog home with a tired pack is less frequent with harriers than foxhounds. Harriers, moreover, lend themselves to the gentler methods of the lady huntsman or whipper-in. The well-bred foxhound will generally take his punishment for riot or other misdoing and go back to his work. The more sensitive harrier resents punish-

ment, and a taste of the thong very often determines him to abstain from hunting altogether for the rest of the day. Therefore, given other qualifications, the lady, who naturally uses her whip more sparingly than the man, finds her true hunting vocation with the harriers.



The Duchess of Newcastle.

Lady Nora Hastings.

HER GRACE THE DUCHESS OF NEWCASTLE, MASTER OF THE CLUMBER PACK.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY ELLIOTT AND FRY, BAKER STREET, W.

THE SONG WORLD.

BY CLIFTON BINGHAM.

THERE is a great stagnation in the world of song just at present. Music publishers are at a loss to know what style of song is "wanted." The drawing-room ballad that delighted the ears and senses of a decade or so ago has faded almost into oblivion. The most popular form of song up to now has been the "two little songs"

in one, but even this begins to fail to attract. There has not been a "tremendous hit" in ballad-land for a long time.

Even in the music-hall song world things are much the same. Since "What ho, she Bumps!" there has been no popular song for the errand-boy to whistle or sing, as his fancy takes him. Even "The Soldiers of the Queen" has lost its powers of attraction, and the patriotic effusions in less famous vein are, without much exception, absolute failures!

When the "slump" first began, publishers put the blame on the bicycle. Perhaps they were not far wrong. The young lady who goes for a twenty-mile spin has, not infrequently, little breath and less inclination left to sit down to a piano and warble



MR. CLIFTON BINGHAM, THE FAMOUS SONG-WRITER.

(SEE "MUSICAL AND THEATRICAL GOSSIP.")

Photo by Ellis and Watery, Baker Street, W.

a more or less sentimental ditty. One well-known publishing-house frankly gave the writer of this article their opinion that before long the bicycle would supplant the ballad. This was some years ago, and the prophecy looks very much like being verified.

Naturally, part of the "stagnancy" may be set down to the War, of which even the lovers of patriotic ditties are heartily sick and tired. Cecilia and Bellona have very little in common! Of a truth, since the War has affected every other source of business, it may well be assumed that music would suffer equally with the rest.

"We don't know what the public *do* want," say the publishers. It is quite true; even the composers and the singers themselves are equally in ignorance. In the good old times a popular song would "live" ten years. Now, the publisher may consider himself blessed by fortune if it exists as many weeks, and even the fact of its being sung all over the place by a great singer will not make a new song sell nowadays. Where of old the sale of a song could be counted in tens of thousands, it can now be reckoned up in hundreds.

The "Stephen Adams" rollicking sea-song is clean out of court, strange to say; so is the military song (I do not refer to the music-hall effusion, which generally comes from America, and has little rhyme and less reason). "Nancy Lee," if published to-day, would turn out a failure, without question; and I doubt if "The Old Brigade," one of the best of its kind, would prove a popular success.

The plain truth of it is, there is a fashion in songs, and the fashion changes far more frequently than it did formerly. The perpetual cry is for something new, and when this "something new" happens to command a success, composers tumble over each other like dogs at a fair in their frantic haste to catch the fleeting vogue ere it be gone. As a consequence, the market is overstocked, imitation succeeds to imitation, and the song-loving public (what is left of it) is satiated.

Following this, I would ask how it is that our Colleges and Academies of Music, with all their students, turn out so few really good composers of songs? Now and then one appears, *rara avis in terra*; but most of them seem to prefer to write symphonies which never get performed and suites which never see the light of day or night! Yet there is both fame and money for a musician who can, and will, catch the popular ear with a new song. More than one music-publisher has admitted to the writer quite lately that "there are no composers." In the words of the unknown author, "Why this thushness?" See to it, ye numerous followers of the calling of music! There is quite as much art, in its way, in composing a good song as there is in constructing a symphony—and a great deal more to be made out of it.

All the same, there is a "stand-still" in the song world, and nobody knows what to publish next. Some say when the War is over it will alter. Others set the date of the hoped-for reaction after the Coronation, when no doubt there will be sheaves of "odes" issued, all equally inane and innocuous. However, they please the amateur composer, and do the publisher good.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

The War—Five Months More—Survival of the Unfittest—The Plague of "V.C.'s"—Fighting in Two Languages—The Real De Wet—Cinematograph Politics.

IT seems to be generally acknowledged that the War is wearing itself out—and that it is time it did. Even the Continental papers have become tired of describing Lord Kitchener's suicide, and are giving instead authentic accounts by eye-witnesses of his recent attack of insanity. Even music-hall audiences are demanding something more invigorating than the weary War witticism. Mr. Kruger has been formulating conciliatory proposals of complete forgiveness and amnesty for Great Britain, based on the instant cession of the two Colonies to the Boers, their full independence, the surrender of all mines and valuable property of every kind, and the reinstatement of rebels to their farms (together with a large indemnity and capital punishment of anyone selected by the Boer Government), and it is to be hoped that Lord Milner will at once close with this moderate compromise.

According to pure rule-of-three, the War ought to be over before the Coronation. In two years we have put out of action five times as many Boers as there are still left in the field. Therefore, the rest should be accounted for in less than five months. Again, practically the same result is obtained by estimating the Boer loss at about two thousand a-month (on the basis of Lord Kitchener's last report). And it is difficult to follow the usual argument that the Boers still at large are a veteran force, the pick of the original Army. Is it always the most cowardly and least active soldiers who are shot off at the beginning of fighting? Is survival of the fittest the universal rule in war? Perhaps decorations are given in the Boer Army for capability in taking cover and smartness in escaping from the enemy.

If the War is not soon over, there is a danger of every second man in the Service having a "V.C." or "D.S.O.," a "C.B.," Peerage, or one of the seven Orders of Knighthood. The "lion" of the next London Season will be the officer back from South Africa who has failed to win the "V.C.," has never been "mentioned in despatches," and has not been marked out for early promotion on account of conspicuous services in the field. The other day, someone overheard a conversation between two military men somewhat on these lines: No. 1. "I really didn't deserve that 'V.C.' I only left my place in the ranks, took a helpless man who was under fire to a place of safety and gave him a drink. There were lots of pluckier men than me; I didn't—." No. 2. "I know, I know! But, then, I did just the same and I got court-martialled!" (the "helpless man" being himself). But, as things are going, an officer will win a decoration simply for carrying out a smart strategic movement on Stellenbosch from "the Front."

Curious situations have been created by the numbers of Boers joining our ranks in the natural *ennui* created by this interminable War. One burgher was enlisted some time ago on the ground of "previous experience," having had a year's practice shooting down English troops on the Boer side. He is suspected of having done some plundering and assistance to the enemy in the intervals of legitimate soldiering, and now, it is said, has tried to claim back-pay calculated on the time he was serving in the Boer Army! Many of the enemy will be able to claim medals from both sides, and have secured their position as much as the man who went to church in the morning and to chapel in the evening to make certain of being right.

In a lecture, Major Stoneham has just thrown a wholly new light on De Wet's character by calling him "a gentleman in every sense of the word." It is really the best-known people that least is known about, as an Irish writer has observed. Prof. Vambéry, lecturing on the Sultan of Turkey lately, said he was "an exceedingly kind and gentle man," while one authority on the Far East has diagnosed the Chinese Empress as "amiable to the verge of weakness." These people conceal their good points with marvellous acuteness. They are deep down; but they are there.

The continuance of the War puts an immense strain on the music-hall Manager, who—as well as his hundred-and-fifty other accomplishments—has, in these days of cinematographs, to be a profound student of world-politics. One can imagine a Manager eyeing the newspaper with anxiety and exclaiming, "Bad news, by Jove! Here's a splendid surprise by Plumer and five hundred Boers captured!" Secretary: "Bad news, sir?" "Yes, we haven't got his portrait in stock for the cinematograph to-night. Now, if it had only been the capture of Kitchener or a court-martial on French—ch? Just my luck!" (Reads furiously.)

This War may not be the best of all possible wars, as the Ministry assure us, but there is hardly any Opposition to keep them up to the mark—unless Lord Rosebery does. Any criticism of the Liberal Party is silenced by the observation, "Wait till Lord Rosebery comes back to town!" He never does anything particular, except make witty remarks at the opening of a chrysanthemum-show or gracefully award the prizes at a laundry competition. Still, he has won the Derby, and that is as great a step to political and other eminence in England as the "America" Cup itself.

HILL ROWAN.



MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL AS MÉLISANDE.

MRS. CAMPBELL AND HER COMPANY WILL SAIL FOR AMERICA ABOUT THE MIDDLE OF DECEMBER.

A PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY BY A. DE MEYER

OFF TO THE SUNNY SOUTH: THE RIVIERA SEASON.

THANKS, perhaps, in a measure to the late dismal fog-visitation, the Riviera Season is in full swing, and has, indeed, begun quite brilliantly. "The Playground of Princes" is doing its best to give its patrons, Royal and otherwise, a thoroughly good time, Nice opening off with her first race-meeting, while there are rumours of new Casinos and new hotels galore.

THE COMING CARNIVAL.

Already people are beginning to talk of the Nice Carnival, which is to be this year very much more brilliant and better-organised than has been the case recently. An amusing feature of the Carnival will be the presence of what may be called an air-ship on wheels, for Santos-Dumont is very decidedly the hero of the moment, the more so that he is going to spend a portion of the winter in this part of the world, building a yet more wonderful flying-machine than his Paris air-ship in a workshop specially built for the purpose by the Prince of Monaco, who is one of his most devoted admirers and friends.

CANNY CANNES.

The Southern who once somewhat bitterly styled the most aristocratic of Riviera watering-places "Canny Cannes" was not far wrong, for the town, which owed its being to the great Lord Brougham, has done very well for itself, in spite of the fact that it has kept perfectly clear of the more meretricious attractions of Nice and Monte Carlo. Of late years, Cannes has really deserved another nickname—that of "The Royal Village," for the more important villas are being gradually bought up by those cosmopolitan Royal personages who are never happier than when enjoying a holiday on the soil of Republican France. The Royal Colony is, of course, headed by the Grand Duke Michael and by his brilliant sister, the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin; and the Villa Kasbeck and the Villa Wenden are the Meccas of innumerable smart folk who prefer the demure joys of Cannes rather than more dangerous delights elsewhere.

A HAPPY HUNTING
(GOLF) GROUND.

The Golf Club is likely to be more popular than ever, and Colonel Woodward, the genial Secretary, will have even more difficulty than usual in keeping out the British undesirables, who, though frequently of excellent birth, often end inglorious existences at the more-frequented Continental resorts. The Golf Club is a special hobby of the Grand Duke Michael and the Countess Torby, and it is there that *tout Cannes* meets each afternoon—some to give serious attention to the game, more to enjoy each other's company, to look at each other's gowns, and to discuss the *on dits* of the moment. The links are most picturesquely situated on a beautiful piece of ground within an easy distance of the town, and the Club House, though simple in structure and in the best of taste, is admirably comfortable and well organised for informal tea-parties and so on. The villas are all filling up rapidly, and it is persistently rumoured that King Edward will spend here some weeks next spring. If this comes to pass, I fancy it is very likely that His Majesty will not live in the town at all, but will remain, as he has done in past years, on board his yacht.

"DEAR, DELIGHTFUL M.C."

It is rather significant that many well-known people, before settling down at Cannes and Beaulieu, make a point of spending just "one short week at dear, delightful M.C." Though far more of a social centre than used to be the case, the Casino is still the centre of Monte Carlo, and the various gambling "systems" are the principal and the most absorbing subject of conversation both in hotels and villas. It is hinted, however, that the present craze for motor-cars is doing a good deal of injury to the Company, for many visitors who used to spend almost the whole of their waking hours in the *Salles de Jeu*, partly because there was very little else to do, now pass their time careering wildly up and down the breakneck hills which are so picturesque a feature of the Principality. Many ardent *chauffeurs* avoid Nice, as the Municipal authorities there have issued a rule that no motors are to exceed a ten-kilometre, or eight-mile, an hour rate of speed.

PLAYING ON THE QUIET.

The private Club, which is open only to members of the stronger sex, gives many individuals pleasant opportunities for playing on the quiet, the more so that men who do not play, but who join only in order to look on, are also eligible. Still, it is said—I do not know with what truth—that more money is lost in one evening in the rooms above than in the rooms below, and also there seems an idea that it is there that Lord Rosslyn will try his wonderful "system," which is arousing interest and a certain amount of sceptical amusement even among the youngest habitués.

"THE ONLY INFALLIBLE SYSTEM."

A great many people manage to make their expenses at Monte Carlo, but their secret, if secret it can be called, is a very simple one. They care nothing for gambling *per se*, and spend only a very few moments in play each day. When, at the end of so many turns of Fortune's wheel, they have won a few francs or louis, they depart content, and, if they lose their original stake, they go away likewise resigned not to try their luck again till another day. The roulette-board is so arranged that at any given moment the player, by risking rather more than he expects to win, can secure that the mathematical chance of gain be on his side; but, of course, the longer he goes on playing, the more this chance diminishes. Accordingly, the prudent player—gambler he cannot be called—makes a point of leaving the moment his gains amount to his original stake.

ROYAL RESIDENCES
ON THE RIVIERA.

In addition to those Royal personages whose connection with Cannes is so well known, the Riviera now boasts of quite a number of Royal residents. The Empress Eugénie—who, it is said, is expecting to have a long visit from Princess Henry of Battenberg and from Princess Victoria Eugénie, the latter Her Imperial Majesty's god-daughter as well as namesake—has become quite devoted to her quaintly named Villa Cyrenos, which lies on a beautiful promontory between Monte Carlo and Mentone. The King of the Belgians' fine property is about the same distance from



MONACO THROUGH THE OLIVES.
"Where little Monaco basking smiles."

Monte Carlo, on the other side of Monaco, and he has among his near neighbours Duchess Marie of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, while it is also thought probable that the Dowager Empress of Russia will spend a portion of the winter near Beaulieu. Lord Salisbury's villa, which was last winter occupied by Queen Isabella of Spain, is not likely to be let this year; but, should the German Empress care to winter in the South, it is quite probable that she will be offered the use of Sir Edward and Lady Erymtrude Malet's splendid new château, which lies just outside the boundary-line between France and Monaco.

"CHRISTOPHER DEANE."

This book, described on the title-page as "a Character Study at School and College," is, I think, Mr. Lacon Watson's first novel—at any rate, it is the first novel of his which I have read. He is well known in the literary world as the author of several volumes of essays distinguished for their fancy, humour, and general charm; his most notable books, perhaps, are "The Unconscious Humorist" and "An Attie in Bohemia." The present work, "Christopher Deane" (Elkin Mathews), begins with the school-days at Winchester of the hero, and this portion of it will be read with interest and appreciation by all past and present Wykehamists. There is an excellent description of a cricket-match between Eton and Winchester in Chapter VI. After Winchester, Christopher goes to Cambridge, and Mr. Lacon Watson gives us some capital sketches of Varsity life and character, the portrait of Chapman, the "rowing-coach," being particularly good, and the story of how "St. Jude's" went "Head of the River" very well and vividly told. Cambridge days past and gone, the hero enters the world, and, according to the immemorial custom of novelists, our author marries him off at the end of his book. "Christopher Deane" is what may be styled rather a "quiet" novel, but it is interesting and well worth reading.

OFF TO THE SUNNY SOUTH: THE RIVIERA SEASON.



MENTONE: THE OLD TOWN.



MENTONE: THE OLD TOWN, TAKEN FROM THE MOLE.

"SHEERLUCK JONES," AT TERRY'S.

SOME OF THE CLEVER BURLESQUETEERS POSING FOR "THE SKETCH."



ALICE BAULKNER (MISS GORDON LEE).

A little lady with a high voice and a staccato movement.



MADGE SCARABEE (MISS ALICE POWELL).

Who plays the piano beautifully—with her feet.



PROFESSOR MACGILLICUDDY (MR. J. WILLES).

The dearest o'd villain in the world.



SHEERLUCK JONES (MR. CLARENCE BLAKISTON).

A man whose "system" is deranged nightly.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY FOULSHAM AND BANFIELD, WIGMORE STREET, W.

THE TWO MUSICAL FAIRY-PLAYS AT THE SAVOY.

From Photographs by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.



Hsi-Ito (Mr. Powis Pinder). Ah-Mee (Miss Agnes Fraser). Ping-Pong (Mr. Walter Passmore). So-Ii (Mr. Reginald Crompton).

"THE WILLOW PATTERN."

So-Ii walks off with the pretended God of Money and leaves the lovers with the God of Love.



Ib (Mr. Robert Eyett). Christina (Miss Louie Pounds). John (Mr. Powis Pinder). Henrik (Mr. H. Thorndike).

"IB AND LITTLE CHRISTINA" (ACT II.).

Ib gives up Christina so that she may marry John, the son of the rich innkeeper.



MRS. HARRY ASPINWALL;

THE WIFE OF LIEUTENANT-COLONEL J. H. ASPINWALL, AND GRAND-DAUGHTER OF THE GREAT FIELD-MARSHAL, LORD NAPIER OF MAGDALA.

(See "Small Talk.")

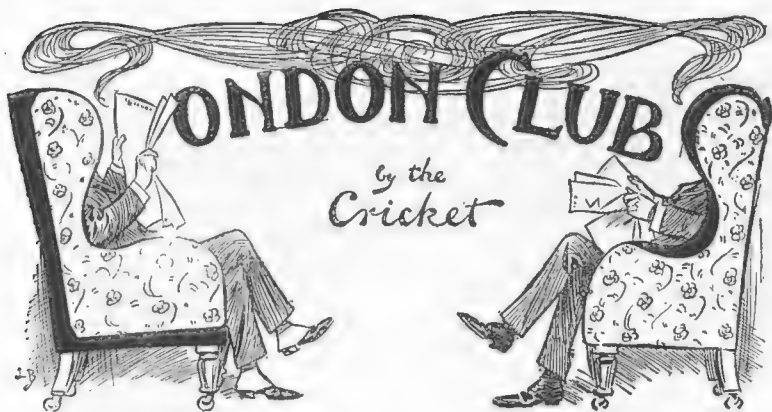
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. THOMSON, GROSVENOR STREET, W.



MADAME MELBA, THE GREAT AUSTRALIAN DIVA,
WHO RECENTLY SANG AT A CHARITY FÊTE AT NOTTINGHAM, WHEN OVER £1000 WAS REALISED BY THE MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT ALONE.

(See "Small Talk.")

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LAFAYETTE, LONDON AND DUBLIN.



I.—THE BACHELOR'S.

AT the corner of Hamilton Place and Piccadilly, a few yards from that spot where County Council vandals will soon be at their widening work, stands an establishment devoted to the restriction of marriage. It is a Club, of course, for Clubs have more to do with Hymen than any other establishments I know, not barring churches—they invariably prevent or unmake the sacred ties that bind the stronger to the weaker sex. Many members of the Bachelor's are married, but that makes no difference; they merely act as the "horrible examples" from which the rest may take warning, for they have to pay a handsome fine for having led Angelina to the altar.

The Bachelor's Club is notable for two things: the extraordinary facial, mental, and moral similarity that exists between its members, and the fact that it is largely devoted to the entertainment of ladies, with tea and magic-lanterns—and occasionally something even more delirious. Separate rooms are certainly set apart for the weaker sex, and the magic-lantern beams only now and then, but without ladies and lanterns the Bachelor's would be sad indeed. To a large extent its membership is made up of men of that age at which ladies and lanterns most appeal. They—the members—are for the most part beardless, either by nature or design. They are all immaculate in dress; speak slowly, so that no tittle of their conversation shall pass away; and every one of them wears his handkerchief up his sleeve and his heart on it. They put nothing in their pockets save cigarettes and bank-notes, and when they have none left of the latter they replace them with pride—and dine at home six days in succession, to the astonishment, not invariably mixed with delight, of their worthy progenitors.

Bachelors, spinsters may be surprised to hear, do not talk much, and, when they do talk, it is in a kind of conversational shorthand. Like the indomitable Mr. Pitman, they abhor superfluity, though they are not invariably phonetic. In the summer, each inquires of the other whether he has been dancin', and, having satisfied himself on this score, relapses into a rather long cigar and a glass of mineral-water tinged with brandy. In the autumn, inquiries exchanged as to shootin' prove equally exhausting; and in winter the effects of huntin' appear to be the same as those of the two former delights. In the spring, their fancies may lightly turn to thoughts of love, but they turn so lightly that their movements are seldom apparent. As a matter of fact, in spring the tailor is *exigeant* in more senses than one, though he is, of course, always trying or trying on. And what, after all, is a petticoat as compared with a well-cut pair of trousers falling gracefully over those cloth-topped

boots that go to the aid of the abstruse science of chiropody and make heroes of their wearers?

The Bachelor is perforce a cynic as regards the other sex, though he would have you believe that his Christian name is always Juan. Women, he will tell you, bore him. He sometimes returns the compliment, but he is very necessary. A dance without Bachelors could only be compared to a sandwich without meat. Consequently, Bachelors do their duty—like men. Dances, at any rate, provide them with topics for conversation and supper, and both are not to be despised in these hard times. Besides, even Bachelors must do something. The fact is appalling, but it remains.

Bachelors, for the most part, go on the Stock Exchange, unless the Stock Exchange has enabled them to stay away from it. They do not necessarily control the markets of the world, but the markets nearly always control them, and, being sociable people, their friends are nearly always controlled in their company. They have never been known yet to be ignorant of the approaching rise of stock, but, prudently, they are not well up in falls—especially at the start of their career. They are financial optimists until the day when their optimism becomes a bore, when they try the other thing, which is safer and often more remunerative, though not in every case. "Carry-over" is a double name almost as familiar as their own, which is seldom single; and they can conjugate the verb "settle" *ad nauseam*.

On the Turf, too, they gambol now and then; and they know the true colour of a billiard-cloth. They are, indeed, men of the world—the great world, the world of powder and patches, dinners and dances, money and mothers (with daughters), the world *où l'on s'ennuie*. And the Bachelor *s'ennuie à faire mourir*. He is generally twenty-one, but Methuselah never saw more, or, at least, never let us know he did. He spent eight hundred earthly years, but he was never in Piccadilly in his life. If he had been, I should not have liked to have met him. He would have been so cynical that he would probably have caused Hamilton Place surprise. And the age of miracles is past.

Your true Bachelor is the most perfect thing that tailor, hosier, and bootmaker can create. He is, at all times and at all seasons, correct, and you can model yourself fashionably upon him with infinite safety. Lord Chesterfield himself could have taught him nothing of the art of appearance. But, with all this, he is the incarnation of ease. His clothes never disturb him, nor he his clothes. He may sprawl for hours in an arm-chair, but his shirt refuses steadily to crease. He may play billiards until his legs refuse to carry him once more round the table, but he will still give you the impression of having just left the hands of his man. And I dare swear that he wakes up each morning with perfectly parted hair and a moustache curling, as the Americans say, "to kill." What is more, he will dance all night, and wake up as fresh as a lark at his hour of rising; and so great is his equanimity that, if he were to stroll into Piccadilly to-morrow and find his Club razed to the ground, he would only take a cab and drive to the nearest institution of the kind of which he was a member.

He is not a very pleasant person to meet for the first time. Fresh acquaintances worry him: he knows so many people already, and he will only know the best. He examines your boots carefully, and if you pass the test of his critical eye he shakes hands softly. You should do the same; a hearty grip would ruin your chances of becoming his friend. So

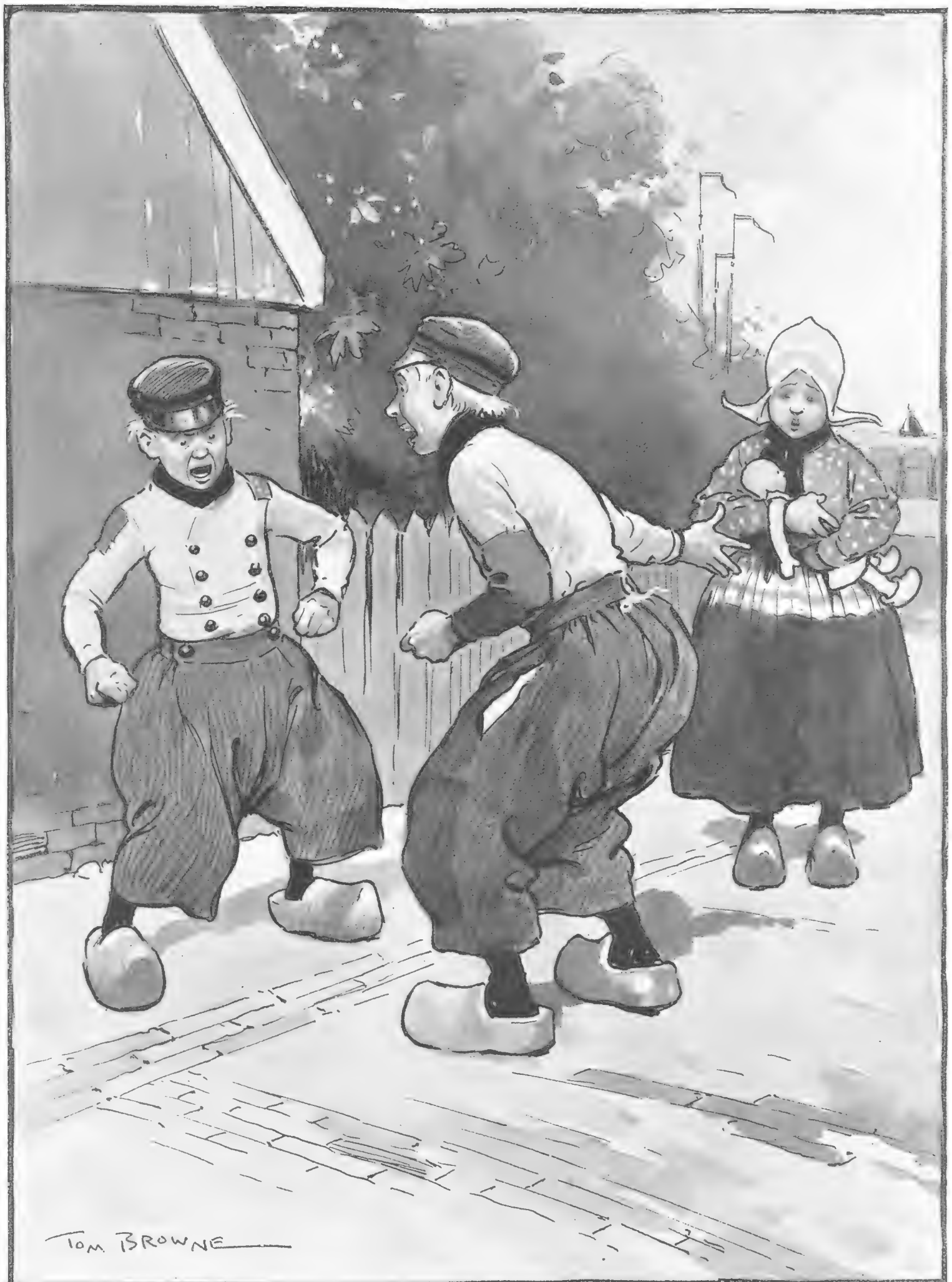
would an entertaining conversation. Affect boredom at having to talk to him at all, and he will in nine cases out of ten offer you a cigarette. Take it; look earnestly and critically at the name of its maker and smoke it with scarcely veiled contempt. He will then ring for the waiter, and your conquest will be complete.

But to-day, he is, for the most part, at the War, and, being a gentleman, he has fought and suffered with the best of them. Time will cure most of his defects.



"A BACHELOR."

Drawn by Lewis Baumer.



RIVALS.

A DUTCH STUDY BY TOM BROWNE.



[Drawn by Rossi Ashton.]

A DREAM OF CONSCRIPTION.



[Drawn by Starr Wood.]

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

POLTROON.

BY HAROLD BEGBIE. ILLUSTRATED BY DOUGLAS ALMOND, R.I.

PART I.



"DOG-HOLE in Paris," said Pierre Ragon to himself, "is better than a villa in the stupid country." He was rubbing his face on a rough towel; his coat, with the sleeves half-pulled through the arm-holes, lay tossed upon a narrow bed. It had other company on the faded and tattered blue counterpane, that shabby coat; a few books were there, two or three tumbled newspapers, a pink packet of gaping cigarettes, and, in every direction, patches of flattened tobacco-ash. On the pillow lay a soft felt hat, a single,

much-handled glove limply reposing on the crown.

Ragon, it must be explained, was obliged to put his couch to these uses, for he had been at work during the afternoon at the little white deal table in the window; and the little white deal table in the window, with the exception of a tin washstand and a cane-chair, was the only other piece of furniture in his garret. He had been writing a translation from an Italian magazine, and the little table was only just wide enough to house his papers, his dictionary, his ink-pot, and the magazine itself. That was why the bed was in this deplorable condition. He would tidy it up before midnight by pitching his books on the table, his hat, coat, and other garments on to the cane-chair. The tobacco-ash might remain; it kept the moth out.

And now Pierre was going out to mingle with the people of Paris, to drink his bock at the café, to sit under the trees of the Champs-Élysées, listening in the bright lights to the music that may be bought with a glass of wine. What did it matter that he lived in this dog-hole? Paris was his—Paris, the beautiful, the all-satisfying. He flung the towel on to the bed, took his eye-glasses from the table, set them comfortably on the bridge of his nose, gave his little moustaches a caressing twist, and then brushed his hair carefully before the scrap of glass stuck upon the window. Many glances from many angles did Pierre Ragon cast at himself in the little glass ere he turned to pick up his coat. He pushed the sleeves back into their proper place, gave the garment a good shaking, and then slipped into it, carefully setting the collar about the neck and buttoning the coat slowly and thoughtfully over his chest. There were several glances at the mirror during this performance—the little mirror that never showed Pierre more than the top button of his shabby coat. Then he took his hat and glove from the pillow, put the felt hat upon his head before the glass, and turned, with the glove in his hand, to possess himself of his manuscript. He was ready to go out; but a cigarette had to be lighted first, and, after the cigarette had been lighted, it was necessary to take another look at himself in the mirror, and once again to give the little black moustaches an endearing twist. Then he went out, smiling and contented.

When he had left his translation at the newspaper office, Pierre Ragon made his way to the café, he most affected and sat down at his usual table. He liked this café, because he could see himself in a big mirror while he sat at the little, marble-topped table, and also because the landlord never grew impatient with his customers who sat long over their beer. This café, too, was situated at a busy corner, so that Pierre, in the intervals of studying himself in the big mirror, could enjoy himself by looking at the people thronging by. But, though Pierre Ragon never tired of looking at himself in the glass, he never manifested any anxiety to know whether his appearance gratified anybody else. He dressed for his own pleasure; studied the people for his own pleasure. And so it was that, while the great crowd moved steadily past the little café, this slim young Frenchman, with little, curled moustaches and *pince-nez*, was unaware that a lean, hungry-eyed youth passed continually to and fro, regarding him with the most absorbing interest.

Presently the youth dropped out of the crowd and sauntered into the café. With an awkward bow to Pierre, he took the opposite seat and sat down at the same little table. Pierre acknowledged the bow politely, lifted his single glove from the table, and turned his eyes once more upon the crowd. But the newcomer began to speak, and Pierre, with a little smile at the novelty, fell into conversation with him. As a rule, he liked to sit alone, smiling to himself, looking at himself, thinking of himself. But the youth, some ten years his junior, spoke so ingenuously and had so interesting a face that Pierre became suddenly fascinated and found himself wondering who the boy was and what work he did in this mysterious world of Paris. It was a new experience, and Pierre smiled a great deal as he looked through his

eye-glasses at the twittering little fellow sitting opposite, with nervous hands clutching at his bock.

"Are you a native of Paris?" asked the youth, presently.

"Ten years, every day of them spent in Paris, make one her son," said Pierre.

"Ten years is a long time," said the youth.

"It goes quickly in Paris," Pierre replied, with a little smile.

"And you have never been away for a single day?"

"Not for an hour."

"Ah! you must be very fond of Paris, fonder of her than of your home!"

"My home is Paris."

"I mean, the home of your childhood, the place where you lived before these ten years began."

Pierre lighted one of his black cigarettes. "It was a very dull place, that," he said, blowing the heavy smoke into the air. "One would have died there of *ennui*—died of seeing the same trees and the same fields day after day, from year to year."

"Yes, I suppose one would get very sick of green fields and green trees," said the youth.

Pierre smiled at the boy. "You have not been long in Paris?" he asked, with a little, condescending bow.

"Not as many months here as you have spent years," said the youth.

"But you do not wish to go back—to the green fields, to the home?"

"Sometimes I think of my mother as my imagination would like her to be, and then I grow home-sick; but then I very soon remember the real woman, the woman who worked so hard, who thought only of saving money, who had no sympathy, and then—well, it is different."

This youth was interesting. Pierre now hardly looked at the mirror at all, though the café was being lighted up and faces in the glass looked a thousand times more prepossessing. He studied the youth. Through his shining eye-glasses, his dark, cloudless eyes studied the boy's interesting face, and noted how discontent had thrust the smooth lips forward, how rebellion had drawn the thick eyebrows together on the very lids of the eyes, and yet how the softness and tenderness of boyhood still maintained their beautiful influence in the hardening countenance.

"I never think of my mother or my father," said Pierre. "One's life is one's own; it must be lived apart, must be dependent on no one for its amusement and its sympathies. I find I can get along very well without other people's assistance."

The youth began beating the table with the tips of his fingers. "I could be happy," he said gloomily, his eyes on his finger-tips, "if I only knew one thing."

"Come, you ask very little! There are a thousand-and-one things I want to know very badly, and then I shouldn't be quite happy."

"Ah! but this, I think, includes everything. At least, it does for me."

Pierre lighted another cigarette. "Tell me," he said.

The youth watched Pierre's face as the match flamed across it, and then he said quietly: "I want to know if immortality is a truth or a lie."

Pierre smiled. "Ah! that does indeed include all the rest! But it is a question man has asked from the beginning, and he has never received an answer. So, is it worth one's while to think about it? What is the use of ancestors, unless to save us from asking Fate unnecessary questions?"

"What do you think about the matter, Monsieur?" said the boy.

"I!" Pierre laughed good-naturedly. "I am too small an insect to bother my brains about such a matter. If I wake up after death, I shall be curious to know what the Creator is going to do with me; but, if not, why, you see, I shall be none the worse off. So it is plain, is it not, that for insignificant people like me the subject has no very great interest, ought not to have any great interest? It would be presumption on my part to think that the great God could possibly have any need of my services in the next world."

He smiled into the mirror, and then looked with a quick glance at the youth. The boy was very white and there was sweat on his brow.

"Ah! but the responsibility," said the young fellow; "that's what beats me. The responsibility."

"You feel, then," Pierre answered, with another of those little, amused smiles that continually hovered about his white face; "you feel, then, that you have some real and definite connection with the Maker of the stars? That must be a great inducement to think about immortality. It is a strange conviction, but, if a man feels it, he ought to be religious, I think, and that is how you regard it, eh?"

"I have only felt I am responsible for my life during the last week," said the youth, quickly. His eyes burned fiercely under the knotted brows, and his hands moved restlessly and continually along the edge of the table. "I never thought about the matter till now, and the more I think about it, the more certain does it seem that we do not die with death and that there is some purpose in everything here. That is a very unpleasant conviction for one who is so very near death as I am."

Pierre winced. "Pardon!" he said, softly; "I did not know you were ill."

The youth's eyes grew full of tenderness. Pierre's soft voice, the sympathy in his eyes, seemed to affect him in a miraculous manner. He put out one of his hands impulsively, as if he would clasp Pierre's, but almost at the same moment he drew it back.

'Each one for himself' means the general advance of the race—is it not so?"

"That is a good rule," said the boy, with sudden eagerness. "It is what the Anarchists say: 'each man for himself, and let the tyrants die.' But, after death——"

"Oh, the Anarchists are very stupid! Murder is a clumsy weapon. I have no love for Kings, but I wouldn't go out of my way to injure the peace of mind of the worst hedonist among them. Why should I? They do not interfere with my enjoyment of life, none of them."

"Do you think it wicked, then," the boy asked, "to assassinate tyrants?"

"No, not in the least! It only seems to me stupid—dreadfully stupid."

Pierre began, presently, to wish he had shaken the youth off. The boy clung to him wherever he went—followed him to his open-air concert, accompanied him to the café where he had supper, and then begged that he might walk back with him to his lodging.

At the door, the boy grasped the journalist's hand, and, ere Pierre knew what had happened, he was kissing it with passionate fervour.



"I want to know if immortality is a truth or a lie."

"Yes," he said, in a voice that shook with terrible fear; "I have only a few days to live, a few days before I get the answer to my question. That is why I should like to know for certain now. It is horrible to lodge with death all by oneself."

He rose from his chair, and Pierre followed his example. They walked through the streets together, wandered past the cafés and the shops, till they came to the Champs-Élysées; here they sat down again, under the dark trees. The boy interested Pierre. It amused him that one so slight and unintelligent—such a provincial, indeed—should consider himself connected in any manner whatsoever with the unknowable Beginner of things. Of course, the proximity of death must be allowed for in one so young, but even then—what a monstrous, what an amusing delusion, this idea of responsibility to God! The worm responsible to the creator of light!

The boy was speaking emotionally of sacrifice. "Sacrifice!" Pierre broke in, laughing bitterly. "I would not sacrifice my idlest whim to save another fellow-being pain. Why should I? Why should I interfere with the laws that rule this world? They did very well when the world was a-making; why should we seek to modify them, to frustrate them, to improve upon them? Evolution is God's theory; altruism is man's. I am inclined to trust God in this matter. Depend upon it, He is wiser than all the philosophers put together.

"Ah, Monsieur," he exclaimed, "in a day or two you will know what this evening has meant to me! If I only dared to tell you now! I have prayed, prayed that I might have your sympathy before I go out of the world; and the good God—he shuddered—"has answered my prayer."

"But I do not understand!" Ragon said. "You have never seen me before. My sympathy can be of no use to you."

"You will understand soon," said the boy. "If I could have found where you lived a week ago, I should be the happiest man in Paris, instead of——"

He did not finish the sentence. A dark figure appeared at the other end of the street; the youth turned away and vanished into the darkness, sobbing like a child. As Ragon stood there the clocks struck the hour of midnight.

Pierre threw his books from the bed to the table, shook the dust from the faded blue counterpane, and undressed for bed. He had come to the conclusion that the boy was a religious maniac, and, with this idea in his mind, he banished further curiosity in the matter. While he undressed, he looked often at himself in the glass, smoothed his hair, curled his little moustaches, smiled at himself. Then, setting the candle on the chair at the bedside, he took a book from the table and got into bed.

(To be Continued Next Week.)



A PAGE ABOUT BOOKS.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

THERE is, I understand, to be an authorised biography of Miss Kate Greenaway by a well-known art-critic. Some interesting stories of Miss Greenaway's friendship with Ruskin are sure to find a place in such a volume.

The first edition of the *Life of Stevenson in America* ran to eleven thousand copies, and was, I believe, immediately exhausted. There can be no doubt that America is the paradise of publishers.

Mr. Barry O'Brien's *Life of Lord Russell of Killowen* is a model biography. It is just the right length, written in just the right style; bright, entertaining, outspoken, and unencumbered with uninteresting correspondence and trivial diaries; presented in a handsome volume, easy to hold and a delight to read. Altogether, it is an admirable book.

Maxim Gorky's "*Foma Gordyeff*," which Mr. Fisher Unwin has just published, is certainly a striking if not a pleasing book. There is something almost brutal in the author's remorseless character-drawing, in his pictures of all the ugliness that is in life. As a human document it is of no small value; as a picture of Russian life it is certainly worthy of a place among the great Russian masterpieces, for it is as convincing as it is cruel. But the long and cynical discourses on the ethics of worldly success, in which Gorky evidently castigates the tendencies of modern Russia, are wearying, and the curiosities of the American translation cease to be amusing when one is asked to imagine a Russian commencing a conversation with "*Say, Aunt!*"

M. de Wyzewa, the well-known French critic, finds something typical of all this country's weakness, and worse, in its "morbid fondness" for a hero who is merely a *chevalier d'industrie*. He is writing of Kipling's "*Kim*."

A new edition has just been issued of Mark Twain's "*English as She is Taught*"—a collection of examination answers first collected fourteen years ago by an American lady and edited by the author of "*Huckleberry Finn*." The chapter devoted to Literature answers contains some gems. Dickens is written of as "the greatest American novelist—a very smart man," and Samuel Johnson as "an American author whose writing is proved and accepted, being exciting and meritorious." There is quite a pleasing new critical formula in the answer of the boy who said that "a sort of sadness kind of shone in Bryant's poems," and it is gratifying to read that American youth finds that "R. Waldo Emerson is good for solid everyday use in extracting mottoes." The following is really profound: "Whittier was a man *into or upon* whom the beauties of nature never passed notice." But perhaps the best things in the collection are the summary of Holmes as "a very profligate and amusing writer," and the description of "*Paradise Lost*" as a "Poem which begins rather low at first but ends in one great climax."

Mrs. Humphry Ward's new novel will begin in *Harper's* early next year. "It is," to quote the publisher's announcement, "stronger than *Eleanor* and greater than *David Grieve*." Mrs. Ward's work—"I still quote—"cannot be added to by comment."

Someone who has been reading Mr. Henry James's article on Rostand has delivered himself of the following happy criticism—

We read the article twice—once from beginning to end and once from end to beginning, but we failed to find anything about M. Rostand. To be sure, his name occurs at certain intervals, as do the titles of his plays. But their appearance simply serves to indicate the advent of some new mood on the part of Mr. James. At length, the idea came to us that possibly, after all, the Editor had been mistaken, and that the article should have been entitled "*Henry James, by Edmund Rostand*." M. Rostand is to be congratulated on the way in which he has hit off the psychological vagaries of his subject. With the inspiration of the theme in hot pulsation, well may he declare that "we are in the presence of huge demonstrations" and seek to discover "if there be really aflout in the world anything like the proportionate amount of art and inspiration."

I see another protest is being made against the practice of damaging review copies by stamping "With the Publisher's Compliments" on the title-page. As the *Publishers' Circular* says very truly, surely, if the expected notice is worth anything, it is worth the cost of the book, for the only possible object of this back-handed sort of compliment is to prevent the book being sold. But does it do so? Its effect is probably exactly the opposite, and, instead of being kept or given away, the book is—sold with the publisher's compliments. o. o.

BOOKS AND JOTTINGS OF THE MONTH.

BY AN EXPERT OF "THE ROW."

"*The World's History*"—"The Theatre"—"*The House with the Green Shutters*"—"Mad Lorrimer"—"*The Shoes of Fortune*"—"A Modern Antæus"—"*The Curse of Eden*"—"Two Babes in the City."

AS the book season advances, it becomes evident that this year there will be no "dark horse" in the book-world which some far-sighted publisher has kept back in order to spring at the last moment upon the book-buying public, and which, coming with a rush, is installed the book of the season, as was the case with "*An Englishwoman's Love Letters*." The autumn publishing season must be pronounced one in which fiction is the leading characteristic; the number of novels issued has been very great and the standard reached has been high.

The most ambitious work of the month is "*The World's History*," edited by Dr. H. F. Helmolt (W. Heinemann). This work will be completed in eight volumes; the first, which is just issued, has an Introduction by the Right Hon. James Bryce, and deals largely with the development of mankind and the primitive races of America. The accumulation of knowledge in all departments of research, especially in history and science, which has taken place during the past century has made the production of such a book as Dr. Helmolt's almost a necessity. The various volumes will be written by experts on the particular subjects for which they are celebrated, and will when completed be a monumental history of the world; it will also chronicle the development of mankind from the standpoint of modern discovery and modern research. Everything connected with the drama is of interest to the readers of *The Sketch*; they will, therefore, turn with pleasure to "*The Theatre: Its Development in France and England*," by C. Hastings, with an Introduction by M. Victorien Sardou (Duckworth and Co.). The book contains a sketch of the theatre in Greece and also of the Latin theatre. Of the theatre in France and England it gives a succinct account, from the old Miracle Plays to Shakspeare, and on down to our own times.

It is somewhat difficult to make a selection from the mass of new fiction now being issued; it is, however, always a pleasure to welcome a new recruit to the ranks of our novelists, especially when in a first work there is a considerable amount of merit displayed. This applies to "*The House with the Green Shutters*," by G. Douglas (J. Macqueen). This is a powerful but unpleasant realistic novel, and describes the doings of one John Gourlay, a successful tradesman in Barbie. John eventually falls, through competition, from the high position he has attained, and is murdered by his drunken son, who afterwards poisons himself. These disasters bring an untimely end to mother and daughter, the remainder of the family, and, although the details of the story are somewhat gruesome, it is well written.

A sporting story is generally a readable story; this will apply to "*Mad Lorrimer*," by Finch Mason (A. Treherne and Co.). It is a collection of short stories, full of movement and adventure, and is issued by a new firm of publishers, who, judging from the books they have published and announced, look as though they had come to stay.

"*The Shoes of Fortune*," by Neil Munro (Isbister and Co.), is one of the best books of the year. It is an adventurous story of Jesuit intrigue, shipwreck, imprisonment, and escape, and will be read with interest from the first to the last page. Much has been expected from "*A Modern Antæus*," by the author of "*An Englishwoman's Love Letters*" (J. Murray), as it is the first novel by this talented writer. Tristram Gavney is the hero of the story, and from the time, "in early childhood, to that when instinct takes to itself the shape of thought," on to "one evening late in August that Tristram Gavney lay dead," there is no flagging of interest, and, although some of the details are too minutely described, it is a striking and well-written book and worthy of the author's reputation. "*The Curse of Eden*," by the author of "*The Master Sinner*" (John Long), is a realistic story of the so-called blight of womanhood, and, although dealing with the eternal sex question, is written with skill and delicacy; some of the characters are powerfully drawn. The book is vigorous and readable. A book full of pleasant humour is "*Two Babes in the City*," by C. Seton and E. Wilbraham (E. Arnold), which recounts in a most fascinating manner the adventures of two young ladies in their business and social surroundings; the poetry at the end of each chapter lends an additional charm to the book.

MUSICAL AND THEATRICAL GOSSIP.

TO-NIGHT (Wednesday), instead of last Monday, as originally announced, Mr. Forbes-Robertson will produce Mrs. Madeline Lucette Ryley's new play, entitled "Mice and Men." The production will take place at the Theatre Royal, Manchester, and will be repeated on Thursday and Friday.

As Mr. Forbes-Robertson will not, he tells me, be able to submit this play to Londoners for some months to come—until he gets another theatre of his own, in point of fact—I have secured from him a few particulars that may be of interest to his and his delightful wife's multitudinous admirers. "In our next," I propose (*The Sketch* taking no account of how far away important new productions may be) to give you a full account of "Mice and Men."

In the meantime, I may tell you that the period of the play is 1786, and that Mr. Forbes-Robertson will enact the character of Mark Embury, scholar, scientist, and philanthropist, and that the story revolves around him and a certain recent young inmate of the Foundling Hospital—a bright, quick girl named Peggy, but also known as "Little Britain," a character impersonated by Mrs. Forbes-Robertson (Miss Gertrude Elliott), who will in this piece make her reappearance on the stage. Embury, having "come to forty year," or a bit beyond, adopts this young foundling with a view to training her to become his wife, as he holds that all women have hitherto

been wrongly trained in this and in every other regard. For the present, it is enough to add that, as you may well suppose, "alarums and excursions" result, and, as the title suggests, the philanthropic woman-trainer's "best-laid schemes gang aley."

Many lovers of Chopin's music must remember the sensation created in Paris a few years ago by the revelations of Madame George Sand. Several books were published, and the most eminent musicians took part in the discussion, which never completely died out, and is now taking a

new lease of life owing to the revival of what was called the "Chopin scandal" and the strange experiment of an Italian musician, who is arranging Chopin's music in the form of an opera. It is in four Acts, and the chief incidents of the composer's career are set to his own music. The nocturnes, mazurkas, polonaises, ballades, &c., are cleverly worked up. The final scene, at Chopin's Parisian residence, terminates in the death of the composer. In a week or so this strange opera is to be produced at Milan.

MAETERLINCK THE MARRIED MAN.

Maurice Maeterlinck, who has been called by some of his more fervent admirers the "Belgian Shakespeare," is just engaged to be married to a particularly



M. MAURICE MAETERLINCK, WHO IS ENGAGED TO BE MARRIED TO MDLLE. GEORGETTE LEBLANC.

Photo by Denque, Paris.

charming and good-looking singer, Mdle. Georgette Leblanc, who is one of the most popular of Belgian operatic "stars." It is said that the wedding will take place very quietly in London, where M. Maeterlinck

has more than once spent some pleasant days being lionised by the group of writers and dramatists who are enthusiastic admirers of his work. Perhaps the most popular of the future Benedict's books is the "Life of the Bee," which, in its English form, has been one of the most successful translations published in recent years.

MISS ALINE MAY,

whose portrait here appears for the first time in public, is a young and charming concert-singer who made her début at St. James's Hall a few weeks ago, when she delighted a most critical audience by her rich and artistic singing of certain of the most difficult compositions of Mozart, Rossini, Schumann, Brahms, and Schubert.

MISS DECIMA MOORE.

It seems only the other day, though, alas, it is over seven years ago, that the present writer, having occasion to be upon a certain West-End stage during the final rehearsals of a Gaiety Company just about to embark on a tour around the world, was introduced by the ever-charming Miss Decima Moore to her affianced husband. This was the fine-figured young warrior, Captain Cecil Ainslie Walker Leigh, who had just then resolved to "go upon the stage" in order that he might travel more "professionally" with the sweet little lady whom he was to espouse in a few days. In subsequent private discourse with me, the martial histrion waxed most enthusiastic (as well he might) concerning the delightful young actress who had honoured him by accepting his hand and heart.



MISS DECIMA MOORE.

A Portrait Study by James H. L. Hyatt, 70, Mortimer Street, W.

To those of us, therefore, long esteeming this tenth child of her parents, the gifted young singer who had just before won the highest honours both for theatrical music and for singing, the recent news of her having been compelled to divorce her young husband caused even deeper regret than it could possibly evoke among Miss Decima Moore's multitudinous playgoing admirers. The deepest sympathy will go out to the lovable young wife and mother, who was led to take this step under circumstances of a most painful nature. This charming actress, sister to those equally charming actresses, Miss Eva Moore (Mrs. H. V. Esmond) and Miss Jessie Moore (Mrs. Cairns James), will always be heartily welcomed on any stage. All that her numerous admirers will, like myself, request is that the rôle allotted to her will be worthier of her histrionic and vocal abilities than some of her characters have been.

GERMAN PLAYS.

The theme of "Die Tochter des Herrn Fabricius," given by the German Company on Nov. 19, is a very sad one, and, with the exception of the character of Frau Wohlmuth, which fell to the lot of Josefina Dora, there is little relief throughout the play. It is a curious coincidence that in two out of the four pieces performed this season, one of the prominent figures should have been that of a wealthy philanthropic manufacturer who falls in love with someone in his service. But here the analogy between the "Haubenlerche" and "Die Tochter des Herrn Fabricius" ends. Adolf Wilbrandt's play has really fine dramatic moments and is altogether of sterner fibre. Agathe Stern, a young widow, is book-keeper to Herr Rolf, and keeps herself and her little boy on her earnings. Her mother, a celebrated

singer, had abandoned her as a child to the care of an aunt, and Agathe remains obdurate when Frau Reinhold seeks a reconciliation, for, in addition to her own wrongs, Agathe feels that her mother was responsible

which was slightly perceptible at first, she very satisfactorily accomplished her task. The transitions from queenly dignity and state to the ingenuous simplicity of the country girl were smoothly and neatly effected, and the torrential scene of storm and passion in the third Act very dramatically expressed.

THE HARTLEY WONDERS.

It has always been a matter of some difficulty to invent or arrange a music-hall "act" in which a performer's prowess as a jumper may be so effectively presented that the audience is properly impressed by the artiste's skill. This difficulty has been surmounted by Miss Annie Hartley and her brother, Mr. Arthur Hartley, who are now appearing at the Tivoli. With the aid of a couple of tables and a number of ordinary barrels, they prove themselves possessed of an abnormal amount of "spring" power, and, even when blindfolded, jump in, out, and over the latter with extraordinary precision. It is a difficult show to describe, but the illustration gives an idea of one of their best tricks, many of which come under the head of things that "must be seen to be believed." Miss Hartley has issued a challenge to any other jumper, male or female, to compete with her in jumping in and out of ten barrels, a feat she has already accomplished in eight seconds. Mr. Hartley has covered an inch under forty feet in three spring-jumps, and a high-jump of six feet is one of the items included by him in each evening's performance.

Under the patronage of Count de Manin, a new and most charming soprano singer recently made her début in the person of

SIGNORINA LINA FATTORI.

To those whose privilege it was to be present at that concert this young lady's exquisite rendering of Italian music came as a delightful surprise. Signorina Fattori will be heard again—at the Queen's Gate Hall, Harrington Road, South Kensington—on Dec. 3 next.

CISSIE LOFTUS.

An interesting announcement has just been made in Philadelphia by Sir Henry Irving with regard to his next summer season at the Lyceum Theatre. In addition to the repertory in which he will appear with Miss Ellen Terry, the distinguished actor has specially engaged Miss Cecilia Loftus to play the rôle of Margaret in "Faust," which he intends to revive.



MISS CECILIA LOFTUS, SPECIALLY ENGAGED BY SIR HENRY IRVING TO PLAY MARGARET IN "FAUST."

Photo by Alfred Ellis and Walerly, Baker Street, W.



THE HARTLEYS AT THE TIVOLI.

Photo by Hana, Bedford Street, Strand.

for the ruin of her father, whom she discovers as a discharged prisoner after twenty-four years of captivity. Max Behrend as Fabricius was seen at his best in the highly emotional scene where he recognises the portrait of himself as a young man and realises that it is his daughter to whom he is speaking. There is great scope for the players in this Act, for it runs through the gamut of the emotions, culminating in the resigned despair of Fabricius when, on hearing his little grandchild's voice, he suddenly realises that his disgrace—were he to remain with them—would touch them too nearly. Lilli Schwendemann-Pansa made an admirable Agathe, for, while she did full justice to the quiet simplicity of the character, she fell not a whit behind when portraying the daughter's passionate scorn of her mother. The conclusion differs not from the fairy-book happy ending, which, however, was rather long in coming, for the fourth Act (the Court of Inquiry Scene) becomes tedious. The part of the manufacturer might have been played less stiffly. Lilli Schwendemann-Pansa also appeared in the curtain-raiser, "Unter Vier Augen," a light one-Act comedy by Ludwig Fulda.

MR. CLIFTON BINGHAM.

I question if any living writer of "words for music" has such a record as Mr. Clifton Bingham, who is the author of twelve hundred popular songs, many of them set to music by the most celebrated composers. Mr. Frederick Cowen is responsible for more than fifty, and these are among the most popular ditties of the concert-room. When I name such favourites as "The Promise of Life," "Old Madrid," "The Dear Homeland," "Ashore," "Tears," "The Swallows," "Green Isle of Erin," "Love's Old Sweet Song," "Dear Heart," "Thoughts and Tears," &c., I refer to melodies known and admired by thousands. The most popular composers have set them to music—Cowen, Trotere, Roeckel, Molloy, Mattei, Hope Temple, Barnard, Lawrence Kellie, &c. Mr. Clifton Bingham recently gave a lecture on song-writing, making comments which any song-writer would do well to utilise. He has been also active in various departments of art, music, and literature. He has been a dramatic and musical critic, has accompanied at the pianoforte, has given concerts and public recitations, and in all of these occupations we have to congratulate him on the purity and elegance of his style, the admirable expression and homely sentiment of his verses and their fitness for musical setting. Living quietly in a pretty town on the borders of Sussex and Surrey, Mr. Clifton Bingham's home-life is as simple and refined as his contributions in verse. His songs are known wherever English is spoken, and they are appreciated by all vocalists and amateurs. Mr. Bingham is a native of Bristol, where he was born in 1859. His skill in writing verses which are suitable for musical setting is probably greater than that of any other writer, and the high moral quality of his verses makes them welcome in the home-circle.

"A ROYAL NECKLACE" ON TOUR.

Mrs. Langtry's Company is now on tour, and last week made its appearance at the Princess of Wales's Theatre, Kennington. Owing, however, to the indisposition of the leading lady, through a throat affection, the dual rôle of Marie Antoinette and Mdle. Oliva was taken by Miss Dorothy Hammond, her own part of the Countess de Polignac being played by Miss Maud Bowyer. Notwithstanding the double part, the strain of

THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

The New League of Motor-men and Cyclists—A New Phase of the "Police Persecutions"—Mr. Chaplin's Views as to Motor Pace—Points on "Reach" and Frame Heights—Motor Force—The Possibilities of Electricity.

Time to light up: Wednesday, Nov. 27, 4.55; Thursday, 4.55; Friday, 4.54; Saturday, 4.53; Sunday, Dec. 1, 4.53; Monday, 4.52; Tuesday, 4.51.

There is something distinctly humorous in the latest phase of the police harassment of cyclists and motorists south of the Thames. A large number of riders and drivers of both vehicles have banded themselves together with the ostensible object of making things warm for the police. Armed with stop-watches, red flags, and cameras, the members of the League systematically patrol those roads where the gentleman in blue is most prone to lurk in the hedge awaiting his wheeling prey. The red flags are used to intimate to the approaching prey that danger lies in the adjacent hedge or innocent-looking drain-pipe, the stop-watches are to time cycling and motoring pace for future comparison with constabulary estimates, and the cameras are to be used for the production of pictorial evidence as to the dignified manner in which the hedge-hiding constable performs his duties. Further than this, the League is actively engaged in taking out summonses against owners of horses which are left unattended. The whole thing would be excellent farce were there not so much bitterness on both sides. As it is, the police are getting a bit scared at the hornets'-nest they have brought about their ears, and evidently realise that the cycling and motoring worm has turned at last.

In the matter of pace on the road, there is no doubt we are suffering from too much parochial legislation. The Right Hon. Henry Chaplin, M.P., who was responsible for the Light Locomotives Act of 1891, has publicly admitted that the rules and regulations controlling motor and cycle traffic are inadequate, unsatisfactory, and that on the highway speed of twenty or twenty-five miles an hour should be allowed. It is certainly very irritating that a great and growing industry like that of automobilism should be hampered and made difficult of expansion by the interference of narrow-minded parochial Dogberrys who cannot, or will not, see further than the parish pump. It is remarkable that so great strides have been made in the motor industry these past five years, when it is considered how much local authorities have done to discourage, rather than encourage, the use of the motor.

The cycle, either bi- or tri-, was the pet abomination of the late Mr. Ruskin. This dictum was broadly published and commented upon, although few observed how illogical it was, since the distinguished author never crossed the saddle of either bi- or tri-. One gets accustomed to one-sided and stubbornly prejudiced statements of this sort; therefore, it is very refreshing to have the views of those who, after many years' experience in other methods of locomotion, have taken to the cycle. A Berwickshire correspondent tells me he has ridden and driven horses for forty years, but now cycles wherever he can, believing the cycle to be superior to the horse for all purposes except hunting. My correspondent, in acknowledging the few words of cycling advice given from time to time in this page, offers a suggestion which is worth noting. Every cyclist knows that flocks of sheep and droves of cattle form one of the dangers of the road. I am assured that, when encountering such flocks or droves, a pathway can always be secured by flicking a white handkerchief in front of the cycle.

Pursuing my remarks in connection with position on the cycle, there is another important point I should like to touch upon. This is as regards "reach," or the distance from the top of the saddle to the pedal when the latter is at its lowest point. It is really painful to notice how many there are who overlook this important matter, for, if the reach is

not entirely justified to the length of the limb, uncomfortable and ungainly riding is the result. The worst offenders are men, many of whom seem quite indifferent whether their saddles are too high or too low. The rule by which the correct reach can be obtained is to sit on the cycle and then put the toes of the foot under the lowermost pedal. If the foot can be kept horizontal in this position, the reach is about right. When cycling, the leg should never be stretched to its full length, nor should the rider sit lower than as indicated, else loss of power and cramp are the result.

Before ordering a new machine, the cyclist should bear in mind that the height of the frame, together with the length of the crank, should approximate, plus the saddle-depth, with the reach of the individual. It is far better for a tall rider to have a high frame on his bicycle than to rely upon drawing out the saddle-pillar in order to obtain the proper reach. When the saddle-pillar is more than two inches out of its socket, the stability of the machine as a whole is disturbed and the good appearance destroyed. The following table will give a general idea of the frame-sizes suitable to different heights of persons. For persons from 4 ft. 8 in. to 4 ft. 10 in., the frame-size should be 20 in.; 4 ft. 10 in. to 5 ft. 4 in., 22-in. frame; 5 ft. 4 in. to 5 ft. 7 in., 24-in. frame; 5 ft. 7 in. to 5 ft. 10 in., 26-in. frame; over 5 ft. 10 in., 28-in. frame.

Whatever may be the ultimate means used for the production of propulsive power for motors, there is no doubt that the petrol-vapour-air

mixture is the most popular and economical form of creating the necessary force—in this country, at least. One would have thought that electricity should play an important part in motoring, but it must be confessed that most of the attempts to put a practicable electric motor on the market have met with comparatively little success. The weight of accumulators sufficient to give out high and prolonged power seems to be the obstacle in the way of the successful exploitation of electricity for road-traction purposes. On the Continent, automobile experts have been, and are, busily engaged in the endeavour to make an electric motor which shall equal, or be superior to, the petrol engine. At the present time, however, the accumulator difficulty seems an almost impassable barrier. No

one who drives an automobile, whether car or cycle, will acknowledge that the petrol-vapour-driven engine is perfect as a means of power-production. Still, it is the most economical and most reliable method produced so far, hence its popularity. The invention of a force which is not intermittent in its action (as are the forces created by vapour explosion) is the problem before motor-makers. When solved, then will motoring be the ideal method of locomotion.

R. L. J.



PRINCESS SOPHIE DULEEP SINGH.

Photo by Salmon and Batcham, New Bond Street, W.

PRINCESS SOPHIE DULEEP SINGH.

Princess Sophie Duleep Singh, notwithstanding her great Oriental name, which marks her to those cognisant of Indian history as a descendant of the famous founder of the vast Sikh Empire, is to all intents and purposes a thoroughly English girl, and this in spite of the fact that her father, the late Maharajah, remained to the end of his life in appearance and manner an Indian potentate, while her mother was a German lady who was born and brought up in Alexandria. Princess Sophie and her sister, Princess Bamba, have of late years been much seen in Society; they are younger than their brother, popular Prince Victor, and made, in a sense, their social debut when acting as bridesmaids to his beautiful bride, Lady Anne Coventry. The two young Princesses are both very fond of the outdoor life and simple amusement which are felt to be in England the birthright of every happy, healthy girl, be she Princess or peasant. They are both as fond of sport and of animals as are Prince and Princess Victor, and Princess Sophie is not only a first-rate cyclist, but she has long been a devoted adherent of the Ladies' Kennel Association, often showing her pets at the "L.K.A." Shows.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

RACING NOTES.

Racecourses.

It is a marvellous fact that on certain courses first favourites seldom win. Backers, as a rule, do well at Kempton, Manchester, Liverpool, and Windsor; but they do badly at Leicester, Newmarket, Gatwick, Doncaster, and Sandown. The luck of backers varies at Goodwood, Ascot, Lingfield, and Leeds. At Brighton and Epsom horses run well that cannot win anywhere else, and at Hurst Park the horses-for-courses theory also pays. Owners are getting rather wide—that is, the gambling owners. If they want to get weight off their horses, they run them unbacked on courses unsuited to them. Then, if the weight suits later on, they are slipped over their favourite course. Some horses will act either uphill, downhill, or on the flat, but these are few. The rogues do best when the start is downhill, as they are often home before they have time to play up their pranks. There are no end of horses that cannot run well on a left-hand course, and very many that cannot act on right-hand ones. It will thus have been noticed how many advantages the bookmaker has when pitted against the poor backer and the owner, the latter, by-the-bye, having in many cases to drop his money in the purchase of his experience. I am not sure that courses which show very bad results in the matter of "book form" ought not to be disfranchised.

Cricket and Racing.

It may not be generally known that Archie MacLaren, who is captaining a team of English cricketers in Australia at the present time, is very

fond of the Sport of Kings. I often see him at race-meetings, and he appears to take great interest in the sport. I have no doubt his friend, Mr. Bob Sievier (another good cricket-player, by-the-bye), puts him on some good things. Walter Read, so long known as the "Surrey Pet," was at one time very fond of racing. W. L. Murdoch seldom missed a South Coast meeting some years back—that is, if he was not wanted for cricket; and we have the word of W. G. Grace himself for it that he travelled down to Epsom on several occasions to see the late George Fordham ride the winner of the Derby; but, strange to add, the Doctor was not present when George landed

Sir Beys (one of the worst Derby horses he rode) a winner. Fordham's luck was equally bad, as he attended Lord's and the Oval many times to try and see the Doctor score a century, but it never came off. It is a pity that the annual cricket match, Jockeys v. Press, does not now take place. At the last I attended, at Lord's, I remember seeing Lord Rosebery in conversation with Willie Waddell, who so successfully promoted the Stamford Bridge running-grounds. Among the spectators, too, on that day was Fred Webb, looking glum. He had on the previous Wednesday finished second on Pégri to Iroquois, who was ridden by Archer.

Retainers.

As Mornington Cannon will ride for the Kingsclere stable, as usual, next year, he will, of course, have the mount on Duke of Westminster for the Derby. John Porter has a number of very good horses in his stables, and I hope to see him lead back some good winners for Mr. Faber, Lord Alington, the Duke of Westminster, the Duke of Portland, and Lord Crewe. I wonder Lord Rosebery does not send Porter some young horses to train. It is a thousand pities that so many of the horses in R. Marsh's stable should have cut up so badly in the season which has just closed. The public will follow the Egerton House team consistently during the Coronation year, and I really do think the game should pay, as Maher is certainly one of the best of the American jockeys riding in this country. He has Sloan's happy knack of being able to become friends with the animal he is riding. I predict a good average for the two "M's," Marsh and Maher, in 1902. It will be gratifying news to many to be told that Colonel Harry McCalmont is to race on a larger scale next year; so is Mr. Musker, who has made great additions to his racing-stables at Thetford. By the way, it is remarkable that Mr. Musker should have done so badly with his horses this year after the extraordinary run of success he had in 1900.

French Stable-Boys.

There is a very pretty little row going on in France about the Stable-Boys' Institute at Chantilly. The local trainers do not take kindly to the Institution, and the storm in a tea-cup has produced no end of correspondence. I do not think it is right to assert, as some correspondents do, that stable-boys at Chantilly are ill-treated by their masters. Boys will be idle and mischievous, and they require some sort of correction; but I do not think for a moment that harsh measures are ever resorted to. My representative at Newmarket engages no end of boys for Chantilly, and he tells me that he has never received a complaint from any lad of having been cruelly treated or badly fed at Chantilly. It was, I think, Carlyle who said, "All I want is facts; feed me on facts." I recommend Carlyle to those gentlemen who write to the newspapers hinting at ill-treatment, starvation, &c., without producing a single fact to substantiate their assertions. I do not think the French Jockey Club would tolerate anything approaching cruelty, and I am sure the English Jockey Club would soon move in the matter if it could be proved to their satisfaction that English boys were being held in slavery by the Chantilly trainers.

Reporters.

The acid critics sometimes suggest that reporters require a plentiful diet of champagne and chicken before they are able to pen glowing accounts of any event. The theatrical critics were at one time accused of "good living" at the expense of the poor lessee. Then came the turn of the racing reporter, who, it was said, got free lunches and free drinks galore. He may do, but I have eaten only one free lunch on a racecourse, and that was in the capacity of owner of an animal running at the meeting. The funniest story I have heard lately was of a Football Club whose promoters are supposed to believe strictly in temperance. After a deal of careful thought, it was decided by the Club that it was essential to provide a bottle of whisky for the use of the reporters, and it was on tap at the last match played. I need scarcely tell the liberal wiseheads that, even after the reporter has drunk his whisky and penned his lines, the latter have to pass the blue pencil of the wily sub-editor, who, generally speaking, is down on all puffs.



THE CHESHIRE COUNTY LACROSSE TEAM.

Photo by Lafayette, London and Dublin.

The National Hunt Committee hold one steeplechase meeting per year on their own. It is a movable feast, and is, as a rule, a big success. Why not hold, say, four such meetings on four of the suburban courses? This would help the sport a great deal, and Clerks of Courses would not complain if they were allowed a share in the pool. I believe the winter sport might be made to pay well if influential men could only be induced to join the National Hunt Committee. His Majesty has Ambush II. in training, and I hope he will again run well for the Grand National. The horse is trained by Mr. Lushington, at the Curragh. I remember some years back, when Mr. Lushington came over and rode a winner for the Prince of Wales at Lewes, His Royal Highness was highly delighted and he was pleased to compliment Mr. Lushington on his riding. It is good news to hear that his Grace the Duke of Westminster is fond of steeplechasing. He will, with practice, develop into a good cross-country rider. I remember when his grandfather, the late Duke, rode as straight to hounds as the crow flies, and the late Duke's sister, Lady Theodora Guest, could always go faster than I could when following the Blackmore Vale, the South and West Wilts, or Lord Portman's hounds.

CAPTAIN COE.

LACROSSE: CHESHIRE v. ESSEX.

This important county fixture was played at Stockport, on the ground of the Stockport Lacrosse Club, on Saturday, Nov. 2, before about two thousand spectators, and ended in a win for Cheshire by eight goals to four. There was very little to choose between the two teams. Essex were the first to score, and led at half-time by two goals to one. Play continued very even, and well into the second half it seemed as though either side might win. Cheshire drew level at two goals all, only to see Essex take the lead again. From this point, however, Cheshire assumed the upper hand, and won as above after an excellent game.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

THE fashion of binding the coiffure with ivy-trails, threading ribbon through the undulating locks, or tucking a rose behind one's ear variously, is decidedly becoming—"indubitably" so, as Dominie Sampson would remark. Yet, like most newly arrived freaks of Madame Mode, it is not new at all, and dates far beyond the "she-wore-a-wreath-of-roses" period, reaching, indeed, past mediævalism



DINNER-GOWN OF BLACK AND SILVER.

even into the dim vista of classic antiquity. The vanity of woman is no new tale, and, by all accounts, our far-back forbears knew how to twist a curl or flutter an eyelid with no less precision and effect than the most modern Madam of us all.

The only thing that matters in adopting a mode is to carry it out, or off, well; and if women without the heaven-sent gift of style could only remember this sobering fact many inglorious failures would be averted. As a case in point, I sat behind three flower-decked maidens in the stalls of the Comedy some evenings since, and regret to state that my attention was forcibly distracted from Mr. and Mrs. Nat Goodwin's delightful rendering of their respective parts by the distraught appearance of two out of these three heads, while the third was a picture of classic grace—glossy green ivy twined in and out of rich brown waves much in the manner of the Baroness d'Erlanger picture which Mr. Lazlo exhibits at the New Gallery. People are beginning to wear strings of jewels in the hair, too, and I have seen a single pearl over the forehead in the Récamier fashion, though at present, like all unfamiliar effects, it seems rococo at first sight.

Talking of jewels, I hear that Wilson and Gill, of 154, Regent Street, have a particularly fine show of suchlike baubles for Christmas presents. They send out a catalogue which, without representing a twentieth part

of their stock, is yet very sufficiently representative to choose from. Amongst the inexpensive presents, I see a gold clover-leaf brooch, very attractive, for twenty-five shillings, and another of three pendent shamrocks in green enamel with diamond centres for four pounds. A charming little circlet brooch of alternate pearls and diamonds is in the best taste, and a quaint little jewel is formed of a diamond bow with pendent crab and tortoise in diamonds and turquoise. The latest designs in gold chain bracelets are extremely fetching and quite new departures from the ordinary curb of universal adoption. Muff-chains and gold-purses galore, two very favourite forms of gaud, are also plentifully in evidence, while, amongst objects designed to tickle masculine vanity, I beheld pins and studs of various fascinations and a very good collection of the new waistcoat-buttons with which our brothers and husbands have lately taken to embellishing themselves. A very good design is plain mother-o'-pearl buttons threaded through with twisted gold wire, or still better are those with tiny diamonds in the centre. A set of these can be had from three pounds upwards. More important ornaments can be bought here with advantage as well. Diamond and pearl collars, for example, from fifty to five thousand pounds, tiaras, and ceintures, and necklaces; but of Christmas gifts there is a particularly varied selection. Many novelties in silver-ware are also shown at Wilson and Gill's. The old fashion of silver covers to prayer-books is being revived, and I also saw new effects in silver jewel-caskets, delicately embossed and engraved, and the old Heidelberg "wager-cups" in many devices. Wilson and Gill will, I am, moreover, informed, exchange any articles if desired.



A CHARMING OUTDOOR COSTUME.

Peter Robinson's Bazaar, which annually brings so many small folk to their Oxford Street shop, is also in full swing already, and the display on all sides is certainly well adapted to make small mouths water. All sorts of dolls in most elaborate toilettes or without any at all, from midget to giantesses in wax—dancing dolls, crying dolls, laughing

dolls, and what not. Toy conservatories, with little pots and plants; toy motor-cars, self-steering and making a proper amount of noise; toy cinematographs—these give great fun in the nursery—clockwork menageries; rifles, warranted "harmless"; toy mountain-railways; and other quaint devices to tempt the young imagination to interest and pleasure. The Bazaar also contains a number of pretty presents for more grown-up folk—dainty real lace collars, hand-painted fans, novel devices in jewellery, silver-ware without end, gloves in boxes, and an assortment of pretty things in gun-metal. Time, in fact, takes wings at double flight while negotiating the novelties in Peter Robinson's Bazaar.

I had an interesting letter from some unknown correspondent in Yorkshire this week, who, being evidently bent on a visit to town for Christmas shopping and other frolics, requested a list of plays to which his daughters might be safely taken. A puzzle indeed! For are not opinions about plays as diverse as politics or religion or any other cause of common contention? What to me may sound purple, to another may be but coloured pale-pink, and what one belauds as beautiful another will belittle as banal. However, I can recommend my esteemed country cousin to visit the Criterion. I don't remember a single scarlet line in "The Undercurrent," and it is admirably acted. Also "The Second in Command" can confer three hours of pleasure, and I don't think there is a blush in it, if people ever blush nowadays. Perhaps they do in the North. I have not seen the Kendals at the St. James's, but that the play is quite charming goes without saying. I have no doubt; and the Savoy opera is delicious, which list will account for four well-spent evenings. After that, I daresay my correspondent will like a rest.

SYBIL.

I am glad to hear that Mr. Herbert Paul's admirable "Life of Gladstone" is to be reprinted, with important additions, from the "Dictionary of National Biography." It is certainly well worthy of separate publication. So is Mr. Sidney Lee's article on Queen Victoria, a masterly summary and one of the first attempts to judge the Queen's Life and Work from the point of view of history. Published separately, Mr. Lee's work would be, I believe, the most-discussed book of the day.

Mr. William Mollison, who was Mr. Lewis Waller's partner in the late grand production of "Henry the Fifth" at the Lyceum, is, he tells me, contemplating a highly spectacular and splendidly cast West-End revival of the "Winter's Tale." In this, Mr. Mollison proposes to play the jealous Leontes—and a powerful Leontes he is sure to be. If certain negotiations can be carried through, the beautiful Miss Lily Hanbury will double the parts of Hermione and her long-lost daughter Perdita, as the beautiful Miss Mary Anderson did at the Lyceum some fifteen years ago.

All sorts of playgoers will rejoice to learn that Mr. George Alexander, who was taken so seriously ill in Belfast the other day, through being flooded out of the local Opera House, has now recovered and is again acting in "The Wilderness" and "Liberty Hall." At Christmas, Mr. Alexander proposes to give this delightful comedy of Mr. Carton's at a series of St. James's matinées for the Use of Children. The youngsters will doubtless insist on taking Papa and Mamma to see this Dickens-like piece, and both the youngsters and the oldsters will be all the better for seeing it.

The victory which MacLaren's team won over the Victorians was a comfort to us here in England, for, after the defeat by the South Australians, we began to think that our men were going to be beaten all through the tour. At the time of writing, the match against New South Wales is going most satisfactorily, and it looks as if MacLaren would pull off another win. The New South Wales men are a formidable lot, for an eleven with such cricketers as Trumper, Noble, the Gregorys, and Iredale wants a lot of beating even by the best team we could send out. MacLaren was in his best form in the first innings, and Braund was splendidly on the spot with the ball. So much was said about the inferiority of MacLaren's eleven that "The Man in the Street" is particularly pleased that the Captain and some of his best men should have come off so well.

There was some good football in the match between Blackheath and Richmond at Blackheath, but the visitors were the stronger side, though Inglis and Skrimshire played splendidly for Blackheath. Richmond did most of the attacking, and at half-time led by eight points to love. They did nothing in the second half, however, but Blackheath secured a goal, which Skrimshire dropped very finely, so that the visitors won by eight points to four. Another good match was Cambridge against the London Scottish at Richmond. The Londoners gained a try after about a quarter-of-an-hour's play, but after that Cambridge had the best of the game, and at half-time each side had scored a try. In the second half, Collett dropped a goal very neatly for Cambridge, and, two tries being also obtained, the Cantabs were the victors by a dropped goal and three tries to one try.

NOTE.

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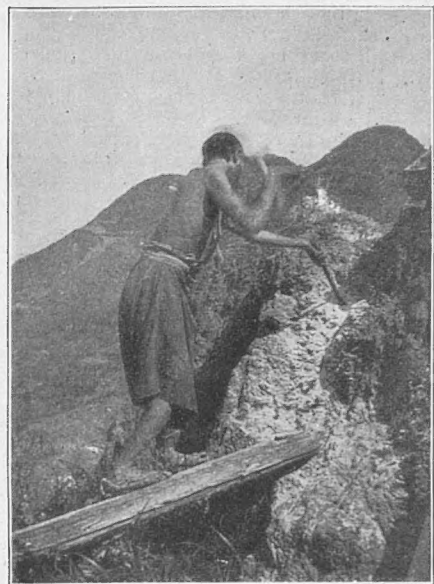
CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on December 11.

GILT-EDGED SECURITIES.

IT is almost needless to say that things have not gone well with the better class of investment stocks during the last few days. It appears that the present Bank Rate is at least likely to last into the early days of the New Year, and the violence of the Continental agitation against this country, especially in Germany, has exercised a

weakening effect on Consols and kindred stocks. That anything will come of the German talk very few people really believe, for the Rulers of all powerful European States realise, that to interfere between us and the Boers, means war, even if half Europe took a hand in the deal, and it is by no means likely that Germany, or any other Power, for the sake of so uninteresting a person as Mr. Kruger, will plunge civilisation into the horrors of a war with this country. At the same time, there is the off-chance that, driven by public opinion, the Kaiser might be obliged to lay himself open to a snub the consequences of which it is impossible to foresee. It is, therefore, no wonder that Consols are at 91½, with more sellers than



AT THE ANGLO-FRENCH QUICKSILVER MINES: MINER AT WORK.

buyers, and that the list of kindred stocks presents a spectacle which no one, three years ago, would have believed possible.

The investor who will not take some risks cannot expect to make profits, and, although it is probable that all high-class stocks may yet go even lower, we feel confident that the man who buys them now will have reason to bless his pluck within the next year or so. He runs the risk of not getting in at the bottom, of course, and the off-chance of a European conflagration, but we shall be greatly surprised if within the next two years he does not see a 5 per cent. capital increment, with 3 per cent. on his money meanwhile.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

The Anglo-French Quicksilver Mines, Limited, whose operations are conducted two thousand miles up the Yangtse River, have kindly allowed us to reproduce this week a couple of photographs from among a number which their Manager has sent over. The Chinese War and other difficulties, chiefly transport, have delayed the operations of the Company, but we understand that everything is now ready to produce mercury on a large scale, and that in the early part of next year one furnace will be in full operation, with every prospect of a second being operated as soon as the necessary materials for its construction can be delivered.

THE FUTURE OF HOME RAILS.

The Stock Exchange looks upon everything from the hand-to-mouth point of view—that is to say, from the standpoint of the probable price the day after to-morrow, and it is an old and trite saying that "Brokers' advice is the worst advice"; hence, if you consult your broker, he will probably tot up the chances of the dividends likely to be declared in January or February next, and never give a thought to the really far more important question of the remoter future. Even judged by the broker's standard, most Home Railway Ordinary stocks do not present an over-rosy aspect, although the dividend estimates made in the pessimistic days of August and September last may prove below the mark. Let us, however, look for a moment at the prospects of the next ten years as they present themselves, or should present themselves, to the person who has the bulk of his capital invested in the Ordinary stocks of our higher-class lines.

In the first place, such a person is riding on the tail of the horse. He will be the first to suffer by any diminution of the net profits, and the first to benefit by any increase; for this risk he gets about 3½ per cent. on the basis of present earnings. The fluctuations of trade may pull the dividend down one or two per cent., or may put it up by a like amount, although the chances (judged by the past) do not make a return of 4 or 5 per cent. on the stocks at present price probable. A large percentage of the profits of every big line comes from suburban traffic, which is every day being cut into by electric tramways and a whole network of proposed tube lines. Take the Great Western, for example. Ealing, Acton, and Hanwell are already served by an admirable electric-tramway system, which enables the Ealing resident to get to his City office for fourpence, and saves him the necessity of catching a train. It is certain that, in the near future, this competition will be felt even more keenly than at present, and that it will be extended to all the other great lines.

It is said that thirteen hundred millions of capital are invested in British railways, of which probably about eleven hundred millions carry a

fixed rate of interest. The air is full of talk of electric traction, and, if the big lines have in the next few years to be electrified, rolling-stock of more value than the whole of the Ordinary stocks will have to be discarded and sold as scrap-iron, while the capitals of all the lines will be burdened with a large mass of fresh issues. If ever it becomes necessary to supersede steam by electric traction, the holders of the present Railway Ordinary stocks may make up their minds to practical extinction. We do not say that this will come about, but we point out what may be expected if, as some people believe, the great traction revolution of which we have spoken comes about. There are other causes of disquietude, such as labour troubles, which we need not consider. The real danger is that steam railways may, in ten years, be as obsolete as the four-horsed coach.

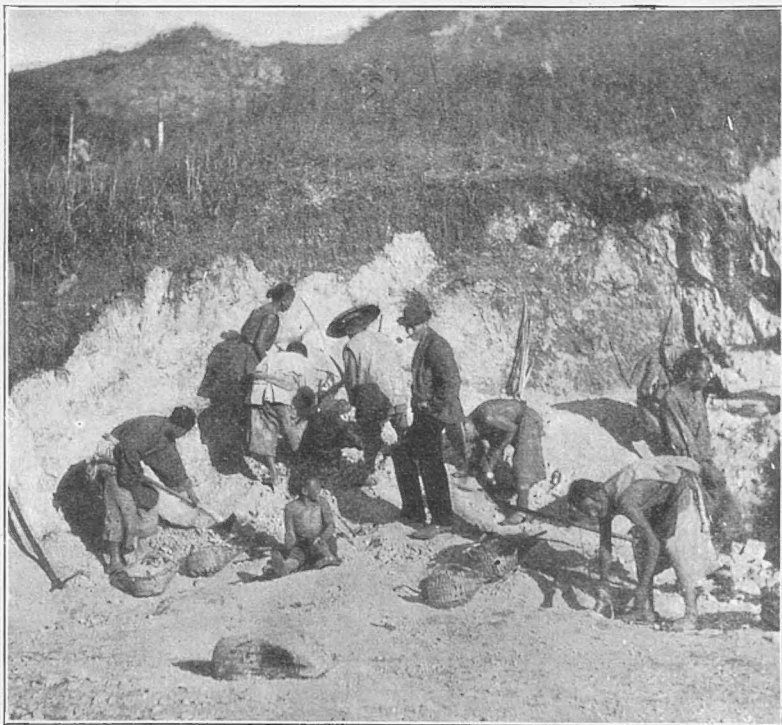
AN AMERICANISED MARKET.

The Yankee Market in Shorter's Court can no longer be said to have a soul of its own. Its body exists—seems to thrive, too, if any criterion may be found in the busy appearance of the market by day or evening—but all business emanates from across the "herring-pond," and in discussing Yankees all reference to Throgmorton Street may be put on one side. The only shares that London holds in any quantity are Canadian Pacifics, the rapid rise in which is stopped for a while by reason of the uncertainty enshrouding the chances of reciprocity between Canada and the United States.

In spite of all Minnesotan and other opposition, there is a probability that the new Northern Securities Corporation will develop into an accomplished fact, and the well-advertised embellishment of its stocks will, in all likelihood, form the finishing touch to the great artificial edifice reared by the American magnates for the purpose of drawing the public inside, there to be crammed with scrip of every sort and size. Once there be sufficient public within the house, and sufficient dollars bled from that public to satisfy the hungry maw of the financiers, down must come the structure; but, as long as it is so obviously vital to the paper-millionaire's interest to maintain prices, the Yankee Market will not be permitted to show any symptoms of decay.

THE TELEPHONE TRUCE.

It is difficult at first sight to account for the slight recession that took place in National Telephone shares as soon as the Government's agreement with the Company was made known. On the evening prior to the publication of the much-discussed letter, the price was eagerly bid up to 4½, and a jobber in the market assured us that the Directors were buying every share upon which they could lay their hands. If that were true, the Directors must have repented of their haste, for the price quietly receded five shillings within a day or two, although by the time these lines are wet with ink the quotation may have recovered. If it has not, we consider that it is low enough to attract the investor who loves to see his property spread out in front of him and who is quite prepared to run some risk in exchange for a high rate of interest. Undoubtedly the arrangement is better than any shareholder could have hoped for; in fact, the proprietors of the National Telephone Company seem to be the only ones who score any particular advantage from the new Government "competition," which, so far from being of the deadly nature at first feared, would seem to pan out to an amicable working arrangement. If the Company could afford to pay 5 per cent. in the past after providing for Government interference, it should not have much trouble in maintaining the same



AT THE ANGLO-FRENCH QUICKSILVER MINES: EXCAVATING FURNACE FOUNDATIONS.

rate in the future, competition notwithstanding; and, seeing that nearly 6 per cent. can be found by a purchase of the shares, the investment is not to be despised. Or there is the 4 per cent. Debenture stock, standing at par, which offers an equally good channel for money seeking higher security with less interest. It ranks after the 3½ per cent. Debenture, but appears to be amply secured, and is repayable at 105 in 1905. Moreover, it must take precedence of the new Preferred issues, which are said to be on the point of emission, and the advent of which probably forms the key to the puzzling fall recorded in the price of the Ordinary shares.

INDIAN MINES.

Undisturbed by war, by market manipulation, or by fluctuations in metal, the Indian gold-mines crush steadily on their way, and that solid work still tells with the Stock Exchange, even in these degenerate days, is evidenced by the steadily advancing prices in the Indian Mining Market. It is practically certain that the output from the producing mines in Mysore will create a fresh record. Last year it came to 493,342 ounces, and up to the end of October 1901 the production was 419,610 ounces. It may be fairly prophesied that, accidents barred, the round half-million will be slightly exceeded this year. The Mysore Company, of course, heads the list with its regular returns of 13,500 ounces a month, or over, but it is run very close by the Champion Reef. The price of Champions is slowly creeping up to that of Mysore, and the imminence of a dividend makes them comparatively cheaper than the latter, although Mysore will probably remain fixed in the premier position among Indian mining investments. Nundydroog shares are said in the market to be among the best to buy, and it is pointed out that the returns from the mine have uniformly advanced during the last four months; but to us it appears that Ooregums are the cheaper purchase, despite the slight falling off—from August's 7427 ounces to October's 7060—displayed by the production. Coming to the lowest-priced things, a correspondent asks us whether Nine Reefs are worth buying as a rank speculation. We will let the output for the past five months reply for itself. In May it was 610 ounces, then 606, 605, 587, 552, and for October a wretched 359 ounces. The more speculative Indians are best avoided.

ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

The Stock Exchange.

The plethora of investments inviting attention advances daily. There are so many that the capitalist, confronted by his broker with a list of selections, shakes his head and says that, if such low prices as rule now do not tempt other people to buy, he will wait and see whether things may not go still further down. We trot out our bravest and best—New Zealand scrip to pay nearly 3½ per cent., New South Wales ditto ditto ditto, Tasmania and Westralia, *inter alia*, to return a shilling more—all first-class Trustee securities; or we talk about Central London Ordinary returning 3½ per cent. (should a 4 per cent. dividend be declared, as we expect), North-Eastern Consols yielding 3½ per cent.—there are any number of unimpeachable things which can be bought to pay between 3½ and 4 per cent; yet our client, bombarded with investment-lists, buried under statistics of cheapness, crushed with conclusive proofs that such-and-such a stock *must* improve, remains impervious, and says he will wait for the Christmas money-squeeze! I know where that stringency will be most acutely felt, and it isn't either New York or Lombard Street to which I refer. Fortunately for other people, members of the Stock Exchange never grumble, particularly as regards slackness of business, and for verification of this fact I may refer my readers to any House-man they may know.

The sad plight of the Omnibus Companies' proprietors demands our especial sympathy. There are many who have seen the market value of their holdings of London General Omnibus stock fall away a full 100 points within the last two years, while London Road Car shares, once up to 10½ in 1900, have dwindled to 4½. The reasons for the decline are mainly twofold, the first, of course, being competition by the Central London, and the second operating through the proposed shallow-trams of the London County Council. I confess that I am at an entire loss as to what to think about the concerns. It would seem impossible that the Directors of the Omnibus Companies should tamely submit to the ruinous competition without making some effort to cope with it; but, after all, that is what they seem to be doing. Such a course is verging on the suicidal, for in progress of time the profits must inevitably shrink into losses. So far as present proprietorship goes, I should hang on to both 'Bus stock and Road Cars if I held them, trusting that the Coronation time will bring them at least a little more grist, when the aspect of quotation may be changed even though the Boards fail to awake out of their present lethargic apathy. Whether it be right to average holdings or not at current quotations is another matter, and I should say that those who meditate this course might reasonably defer their purchases until the time draws nearer for the dividends and presentation of the reports.

The electrical mania, as some of the newspapers humorously call it, is likely to bring more profit to the promoters than to the general investing public. Central London securities all look quite sufficiently high, it seems to me, while City and South London at 60 has already discounted the improved receipts likely to accrue to the Company through the extension of the line northwards. I think it was in *The Sketch* that I first saw Great Northern and City Preferred "A" shares pointed out as a good speculative buy at 7½. Just lately, there has been a good deal of quiet attention paid to the shares, which at 8½ (they are of £10 each fully paid) do not appear over-priced. I regard a rise to the par value as more than likely.

It is interesting, at a time when electric-railway promotion is so much to the fore, to conjure up visions of what things were in 1845, the year of the first great Railway mania. The historians tell us that in the January of that year 16 new Railway Companies were registered; in the September following no fewer than 457 appeared. In those days the applicants for shares had to pay no deposit-money. All they had to do was to fill up their prospectus-forms in decent handwriting, add a good address, and there they were. As soon as the allotments were made, off rushed these gentry to Capel Court, which was quickly rechristened Stag Alley, and two new professions sprang up, Alley men and Stag-hunters, the latter designation being bestowed on those who made it their business to advise railway promoters as to who might safely be allotted shares and who were mere shady premium-seekers. The smash came in the October of '45. Out of nearly 1300 Railway Companies there were not more than 500 able to pay the first deposits demanded by the Government on all new schemes. The wreckage and ruin spread in those disastrous days were stupendous and the shock was felt by thousands upon thousands throughout the land.

Do we know much better now? one is inclined to ask. The philosophers

declare that human nature in the twentieth century is precisely the same as it was in the Adamite age, and, all experience notwithstanding, there are plenty of people willing enough to make fools of themselves, provided the bait held out is sufficiently gilded. But I don't mean to say for a minute that we are likely to have a real live Electric Railway mania. That—from one business point of view—is too good to be pined for.

The Yankee Market being the only one possessed of any animation, it is but natural that people should be often asking about American Bonds. Frankly, I am not in love with the investments, but those who fancy them will find a very fair speculation in Erie General Liens, which stand in the neighbourhood of 92, and at that price return a shilling under 4½ per cent. They are redeemable in 1996. Of a much higher class are Illinois 5 per cent. Gold Bonds, repayable in 1952. These yield 3½ per cent., which is about the average return to be obtained from Yankee Bonds. It must be remembered that the securities are nearly all within easy reach of the highest prices touched, both this year and last. The fear of redemption must always militate against any rise to relative quotations attained by pre-Ordinary stocks of the best Home Rails. The market for the latter grows ever narrower—a natural sequel to the admission of so many Colonial stocks into the Trustee list. And as for Home Railway Ordinary stocks, one can only say of them, as an Edinburgh reviewer once criticised a volume of sermons, "their characteristic is decent debility." Those who went a bear of Dover "A" on the strength of suggestions given in these letters will be able to afford nice Christmas presents. There seems no reason that I can see why Doras shouldn't go to 50.

And now to my cigar. "I loikes poi, Mary," tenderly confessed the Yorkshire yokel; "I loikes poi; but, O Mary, I loikes you better nor poi," and while it is a dear delight to chat with one's readers for an hour, there is a dearer one still in the brown box, the taper-stand, and the ash-tray sitting so seductively by the side of

THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

Saturday, Nov. 23, 1901.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, *The Sketch* Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

BERCEAU.—(1) We don't think much of the Jungle concern, but, then, our views of the Jungle market are jaundiced, and we believe practically the whole of it to be a swindle. (2) Your brokers are right; you certainly told them to do what they actually did, and you will have to stand the racket. If they had "applied for" the shares and you had not been allotted the full number, you would have had a right of action for damages against them.

WOULD-BE SPECULATOR.—We never give gambling tips. If you want cheap stuff, the market says Johannesburg Goldfields or Bulawayo Syndicate have chances of improvement; perhaps even Transvaal Developments might be as good as anything else to lose your money on. If you would buy and put away stuff like Rand Victoria or Simmer East, you would very likely make money in a few months.

H. F. B.—The Yankee concern is certain to be a swindle, and the person you inquire about is a fouting outside broker of the ordinary type. It would be far better for you to give your spare cash to some deserving charity than to spend it in the way you propose, for then, at least, you would get some credit in the next world, if no profit in this. See last answer.

ANTI.—You appear to be too late in your objection. We are not authorities on the law, but there is an old saying that, if a man deliberately stands by and sees his neighbour build a house on his land, the law will not help him, and this is what, in another form, you seem to have done. Go and consult a solicitor learned in Company Law.

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